


Inscribed by the
author. B430

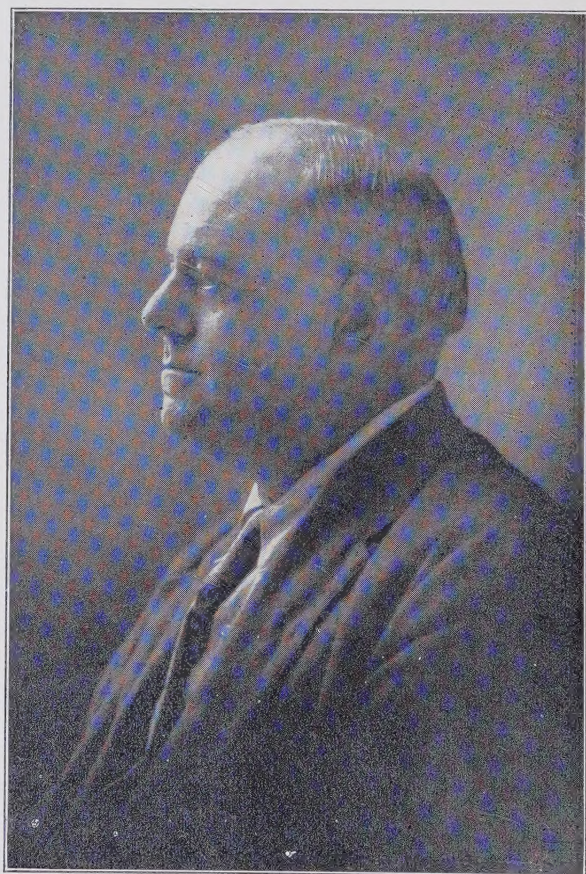
Ralph Waldo,
compliments
of
Susan M. Davis,
Brookline,
H.

3/29.

THE AXE WITH THREE NICKS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
No Sponsor



Eugene N. Davis.

The Axe With Three Nicks

BY

EUGENE N. DAVIS

Author of "The Old Stone Hitching Post", "A Story of the Brook," "Gems of Vermont Poetry," "Browsing in Vermont Clover," and "Shooting the Rapids with a Cinnamon Bear," Etc.

A VERMONT NOVEL



The Christopher Publishing House
Boston, U. S. A.

COPYRIGHT, 1929
EUGENE N. DAVIS

PRINTED IN
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
MY DEAR MOTHER

FOREWORD

Some men have the distinction of making their country their state, and their town known to the world, by what they have done. It is certain that Eugene N. Davis, has done his part to make Plymouth, Vermont, known to the outer world, for there is nothing material that comes so near to being immortal as a book, and of these Mr. Davis has contributed a goodly share. Of his poetical works it has been said:

"That the soul of a poet is native to him and inherent throughout his earliest years is proven by the precocity that at ten years old produced a fine lyric, 'Has Love Immortality'," with an exquisite opening stanza:

'What! Spring's well ordered bliss to end?
Nay; Spring and Summer kiss and blend,
And thus untold a common cause,
With sunshine and the dews for laws.'

"That the gift has not been lost during later life but sedulously cultivated is proven by verses ranging through a great variety of themes, scenes, emotions, fancies and styles."

And, that Mr. Davis' literary ability is not confined to verse is also abundantly proven by the present volume, which, in our opinion is the equal of, if it does not indeed surpass, the fine verse he has before written.

Moreover, for the wide variety of scenes through which this story ranges, the author has drawn from a varied personal experience ranging from the life of the city to wintering in the Vermont lumber camp. As a supplement to his extensive itinerary he has a broad outlook upon the life he has known and a vividness of vision that converts his experience to fiction of quality.

—THE EDITORS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I.	When I discovered the Loss of My Beads ..	11
II.	Two Years Later	14
III.	When I Met Ethel	22
IV.	My Visit to the Albany Police Station	31
V.	When Frank Van Loon Became a Pal of Mine ..	36
VI.	My Dog "Spot"	43
VII.	Our Return to New York	50
VIII.	When I Became a Nurse for Parkhurst	57
IX.	When I Became Superintendent of a Vermont Lumber Camp	62
X.	When I Rescued Ethel from a Log Pile	74
XI.	When I Caught My Big Trout	81
XII.	My Boxing Lesson	88
XIII.	A Ball Game	94
XIV.	While Bound Hand and Foot I was Discovered by a Bear	104
XV.	Van Loon Fixes a Frame Up	116
XVI.	Klondike Kill	125
XVII.	Some Experiences in Boston	140
XVIII.	After My Court Trial I Return to Vermont ..	152
XIX.	Ethel and Her Father Make Plans for the Future	164
XX.	Springtime in the Camp	169

The Axe with Three Nicks

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I DISCOVERED THE LOSS OF MY BEADS.

I was in doubt and uneasy about some affairs of mine and was in prime condition to seek and accept advice from anyone. I had seen a clairvoyant advertisement in the morning paper and was now passing his door. Without much hesitation I walked to the door, rang the bell and soon found myself inside consulting with my professor. "What is your name?" he asked as I was about to be seated. I told him. He gave me a summary of past incidents of my life that were amazingly true and accurate in some respects. Together with a hurried elucidation of coming events and incidents.

Then, while in the midst of my pre-occupations, with the lesson he was giving me, he turned quickly on his heel and facing me, said: "Give me a piece of paper from your own pocket,—anything will do." I handed him a half-sheet that I found in my coat.

I noticed that the foot on which he stood, while turning to face me, had remained at a half-way position, or nearly so. While it impressed me, I did not realize that it was to play an important role in future events. Seating himself at the table he began to print letters on the paper with his arm in a cramped position and, whirling the paper around toward the right, he continued his printing at a very difficult angle. This did not impress me, or, rather *did* impress me, as an ostensible thrust into occultism for effect and nothing else. Not being versed in the supposed science or practice I should have to "Throw up my hands" if asked to explain even any of its theories or suppositions; but I did have the common sense, however, to detect the artificiality he was now playing out.

He handed back the piece of paper and I read my name in a rather indistinct but legible print. I now recalled that he had demanded my name at the beginning of our meeting, and, during the heat and excitement that he sort of superimposed upon the moment by his severe, but magnetic actions, I had acceded in giving my name in full but now dropped the incident for the time, believing I would be able to detect any more of his duplicities. I soon forgot the incident, however. During his dreamy utterances he stopped short and said: "Excuse me while I get a drink of water. He stepped into an adjoining room and I quickly lifted the handle to a bag that was nearby. On a brass plate beneath I saw the name "Earle Parkhurst." As he took his seat on returning I asked him, "What is your name?" "Some one you never heard of in this Country," he replied, "Samuel Solomnii." As he sat before me I was soliloquising where I ever saw a more perfect type of a Yankee, save for the high cheek bones and dark skin, which might indicate a strain of Indian blood.

"Now," he continued, "I have one more thing to say: A dark woman is coming into your life to make you all kinds of trouble. Beware! Your Mother recently died and you have trouble enough." His latter statement was really true, and, the first one yet to be proved.

As I had paid my fee I left the room and felt somewhat depressed, probably because of the close air in the small room; but likely more from some truths he had told and with the premonitions of the future, which carried an increased significance because of his success with my past history.

I returned home to my father's after a visit of two weeks with the usual feeling of loneliness, when I entered my room, keener than ever, as it seemed each time, since mother died eighteen months ago. Father had married a widow, since mother's death, of about his age, of Indian descent, and my days spent at home were far from pleasant and our relations in the home were very uncongenial. The woman had a decidedly ugly disposition and treated me, seemingly, with all the venom and contempt she could muster.

I immediately went up to my room. The room was large, about twenty feet one way; I had put a partition across one end to make an extra room for storage purposes, for keeping

my trunks, pictures and some valuable furniture. The partition was built of soft pine, two inches thick and each plank well matched to fit the adjoining one. The door was of the same material and fastened with a heavy padlock and clasp.

Without premeditation I approached a picture that hung on the wall opposite the one I had just entered and I attempted to pull it around straight. The cord caught in the hook above and in trying to adjust it I discovered a square hole had been cut in the partition back of the picture. I wondered at this and immediately became alarmed. Unlocking the next door I entered my store room. A small black metal box that I had kept on a chiffonier against the pine partition was gone. I searched every corner and possible repository. The box was not to be found. I returned to my room and examined the newly cut hole. I had left some carpenter-tools on the floor by the partition. No doubt, these had been used in cutting the hole. The first evidence of this indicated that a bit-and-brace and a key-hole saw were first used; then the sides had been split and hewn down by an axe. The bit and saw were lying on the floor, but my small short-handled axe was missing. I remembered that it was newly-ground; but at my last using I had put three nicks into its edge. I scrutinized the sides of the cut and here was the tell-tale of the axe. The work had all the appearance of having been done by a novice, in a clumsy, awkward manner. There were three distinct scratches in the grain of the wood. Two of these were about one inch apart; the other one about one-half inch farther removed. I let this sink into my mind. As I left the store-room, I sat down quickly in my room, as all the blood, seemingly had left my legs and was now rushing to my brain. The box was gone! It had contained a valuable string of gold beads, each bead having an inset of 3 diamonds and had been appraised at \$100,000. They had been handed down to me from my great-great-grandfather, of Scotland, on my mother's side of the family and I had recently taken them from a bank vault to show to a relative of mine and had not replaced them.

CHAPTER II.

TWO YEARS LATER.

I was walking down street toward — St. Ferry when two young men brushed by me roughly. They wore "slickers" turned up at the neck and water-proof hats that were pulled down over their faces. An electric truck rumbled by me, and as it attempted to make a quick turn an old fashioned, small trunk slid from the very top and crashed to the floor of the ramp. The driver did not notice the loss of his baggage and rushed on for the boat, which was making preparations to leave.

When the trunk landed the top flew open and a few articles scattered about the floor. I stopped and noticed a small hand-axe lying near an iron post that drew me instinctively to inspect it. I stooped to pick it up when a shot cut the clear morning air. I had been partially stunned by the impact of the bullet, either from its closeness when passing, or by the concussion when it struck the iron post near my head. When I fully recovered the strange young men had recovered most of the articles lying about and had disappeared with the trunk. The axe was no where to be seen. A small empty bag had been left and when I looked it over I was amazed to read the words, "Earle Parkhurst" on the name plate. "Where had I seen that name before?"

I opened my satchel and began to look over some old letters and notebooks; and at last found an account of two dollars paid two years ago, to a clairvoyant, and of the same name. Coincidences were nearly driving me frantic; this, with the preceding incident involving the hand-axe! That they were destined to become real factors in a part of some game yet to be played, I felt aware, but in what way, or when, remained a mystery to me.

Not a policeman was in sight. I went to the office and had them telephone a description of the young men and trunk to the Jersey City Terminal. Not long, however, before word came back that neither the men nor trunk as described, had

been seen or could be found. The want of clues at the other end of the Ferry Line, together with the sudden disappearance of the two young men at this end determined me to set myself to make a secret investigation in my immediate vicinity. By reason of recent events, I was now convinced that the wharf upon which I was standing was honey-combed beneath and probably contained rooms, dens, and caves; the habitat of modern-day criminals, as desperate as the pirates of years gone by.

I spent the next two hours looking at every crevice, crack and opening, knowing there must be somewhere a panel of boarding or planking that would respond to the hand of man if the right place were found and proper methods used. I went back to the foot of the ramp, where our late accident occurred, and began to look things over more closely than I had before. I then decided that I could see damp or muddy tracks leading into an alcove directly at the right. I went to the alcove and, entering, passed into an alley way that led back toward the street. I went about fifteen feet to a common-sized door that opened outward into the alley. I studied and worked fully a half-hour to find some board or panel that would give way to strain or pressure, when one of my heels settled about a half-inch into a depression in the flooring. I reached down with my hand and found an iron ring lying flat and sunken below the surface. I pulled on the trap and it gave way to the strain; then moving it to one side I struck a match. I just got a glimpse of a large, cavernous hole below when the draft extinguished my match. I replaced the trap carefully and went out onto the street for a few minutes walk where I procured a flash-light.

Returning, I again removed the trap-door and threw the rays of the light below. The dirt floor was about ten feet below and a ladder had been fashioned by nailing strips of boards horizontally onto a post by the side of the hole. Working from beneath, I replaced the covering over the hole and started to descend into my newly-discovered chambers. I was using my light as best I could, at the same time clinging to my rude ladder. As I reached the last rung and was about to step to the ground, I felt a heavy, dull blow on the back of my neck; and then everything grew dark.

I looked around the room. It was something like fifteen by twenty-five feet. The floor was covered with new planking, which was not very well driven together and the surface was somewhat undulating, which gave it the appearance of unstableness, if walked upon. The sides of the room bore the same material; likewise the ceiling, under which were light beams, supported by shoring at intervals. I judged the room had been recently remodelled. The door was of the same material as the rest and had a heavy lock attached.

The room was furnished with a few pieces of furniture—six chairs, a large rocker, a table, two stands or small tables, an oil cooking-stove and two comfortable looking beds. A tall cupboard stood in one corner. Magazines and papers lay on the table and a large, oil burning lamp stood in the middle. Two large soft rugs lay on the floor, one by each bed. All in all, the room bore the semblance of comfort, if nothing more. I noticed there were no windows and decided I was underground at the—street Ferry.

I attempted to move. I was stiff and my body was sore. Ridges or welts lay across my wrists, indicating that thongs or binding-cord had been used rather severely. I hobbled over to the cupboard and found some rolls, doughnuts and a pie, with one piece taken out. On the bottom was a ten-gallon keg and taking a glass I drew out a drink of refreshing beer, which revived me and gave me added strength, with the lunch I had soon appropriated.

My hands felt dirty and sticky; and going to a door I found a washbowl and a towel and other conveniences. I was tired and my head ached from sore, bruised places. A large couch was at the foot of one of the beds, so I concluded to take a rest.

When I awoke a man was standing over me; very likely this was what awakened me. I turned around to a sitting posture.

"Well, did you get your bag?" I asked. "I was going to bring it down to you as soon as I got you located for a certainty, but you gentlemen down in this nether part of the world, evidently thought you might better 'take the bull by the horns' while you had a chance and then proceeded to trim *me* up. But what fazes me is to know what you are gaining

by keeping me here! For I have nothing of any value on my person that you might care for only a Colt's six-shooter and you will have to put up the fight of your life before you ever get that. Perhaps you think you know me, but you are mistaken. You think I am the gentleman you met up in Vermont two years ago, when you gave me a reading, but you are again mistaken. I may be the *man* but not the *gentleman*. Your name is Earle Parkhurst and your mother married my father. You and your kin are the two slickest crooks in Gotham. This is not all; when you and your mother get through with my beads and the axe I wish you would return them to me; for I value them both very highly for their associations; and," I added, "the beads might have a little monetary value besides."

I watched the nerves in his face twitch and noticed his eyes dodge from one thing to another. He was getting ready to speak and I knew he was about to tell me the biggest lie he could manufacture. This was just what I wanted, I was now his psychological master. The evasions that would now emanate from his mind and mouth would be the signal accompaniments of a subjugated mind, and I was waiting for this triumph,—of one mind over another!

He said: "Do you remember that I told you at that reading, I gave you up in Vermont, of this very situation that you are passing through now? I told you then that two years would elapse before this would happen to you, and do you remember that I described to you the very furniture that would occupy the room where you would be found by a man not your equal in stature, but your superior in mind? And there is the furniture before your eyes! Do you remember that I told you that if you had the strength of mind it would be better for you to keep away from this place? and on *this day* too? Do you remember that I told you that, if you should happen to be found in this room your life would be snuffed out before the first Ferry-boat left the next morning for Jersey? And do you expect to even go out of here on two feet?"

"By the way, your mother handed me a letter to give to you," I parried. Parkhurst had put his hand to his hip pocket and I was getting uneasy. But my play had its desired effect. He extended his hand expecting the note. How

he ever permitted himself to become so unguarded, even for a moment, belongs to one of the things yet unaccounted for, unless one mind has so much more strength over the other!

When I withdrew my hand from my pocket Parkhurst was looking down the barrel of my 38-Colt's.

"Well!" I said, "how do you like this game of tag we are playing- First I'm it; then you're it. But I am pretty sure *you* will *stay it*, this time, until I get ready to 'let you up.' First, I was never satisfied with the fee you charged me at that 'reading' you gave me up in Vermont, and after you hand over your shooting irons, would you oblige me by returning the two dollars. Of course, we are now gentlemen, face-to-face, and I am appealing to your sense of honor. By the way, and as a matter of courtesy and good breeding would you mind handing me your guns butt-end foremost? Thank you for the money! I may need it all for dinner, and it is not at all likely that *you* will ever need it.

"I intended to give you just ten minutes in which to say your prayers and tell me where my string of gold beads is. But, on second thought, there would be no use of fooling with you, as you never tell the truth and my life will not be worth much if you hang around any longer." I saw Parkhurst was trembling.

"The beads and the box are at the bottom of the harbor, right by the open cribbing of this wharf, and here is the key to this door, so you can get out." I knew instinctively, that Parkhurst was lying about the beads.

"But," he continued, "before you go I think both of us would feel better if we had dinner. You know I am a pretty good cook; and would certainly enjoy the distinction of serving my renowned guest in this renowned palace at a time and opportunity that may be equally distinctive!" I did not like his gusto, but endeavored to hide any manifestations. Assenting to his proposition, I asked him if there was anything he would like me to do. He declined my assistance, as I knew he would.

"Now, Mr. Parkhurst, I will have one request to make; and that is, you will please serve my dinner on individual dishes. The old-fashioned custom of putting the food all on the table,

at one time, is very distasteful to me. You know I am a stickler for style, too!"

The idea seemed to please him immensely and he agreed to it.

Seating myself at the opposite end of the room from his operations, I laid my revolver across my lap. The dinner was all cooked and he was preparing to serve it when he turned and asked, "Would you like Chili Sauce on your meat?" I replied that I would. He went to the cupboard and got a bottle and proceeded to dispense a liberal amount on one of the plates. I made no further remark and he announced that dinner was ready to be eaten.

I walked up to the table and, with gun in one hand, changed every one of the dishes, with respect to the consumer. Parkhurst looked up at me with chagrin and dismay; and then nearly burst into a fit of anger; when I pushed the bite-end of my gun a little nearer his face. Then I sat down and began to eat. Of course, Parkhurst purposely sulked! I had expected this.

"Sauce that is fit for the goose is fit for the gander!" I remarked; and urged him to eat.

"You have taken away ever bit of my appetite by pushing that pesky old gun into my face," he added.

"And you would have taken away more than my appetite with that pesky acid if I hadn't pushed that pesky gun into your face," I concluded. No further remarks, and I rather enjoyed the meal. After I had finished I prepared him another plate of food from the stove and cupboard, which he seemed to relish. I asked him if he would like some of that famous Chili Sauce, but he did not reply.

He had finished his dinner, when, he suddenly leaned over toward me and asked, "Do you hear that noise out in the other part?" I replied that I did. Then he continued, "The Van Loon Boys, the most desperate men in New York, have their head-quarters under this wharf, adjoining this room. They came in here one night and stuck us up, but didn't get much. I saved your beads by throwing the box out through the cribbing into the harbor. Yes, I did tell you that the beads were in the harbor now, but I lied. When the Van Loons got away I dived and recovered the beads, then threw

the box back to serve as a blind, if there ever need be. I might as well tell you that the beads are now up in the Adirondack Mountains, or near there; and, not that I am in a position to carry out any sinister plans myself but I will now warn you that you will never leave this dugout alive. No, I will *not* tell you *where* I sent the beads. I have taken a vow to my mother that I will give up *my life* before I will the beads."

Soon someone pounded on the outside of the entrance door. A heavy voice penetrated the stillness of the den and a large wharf rat crossed the room toward us from the open door of the washroom, where some covers had been left open.

The voice said, "Open this door or I will fire your d—palace. You can hear me." I pointed my gun toward Parkhurst and told him to go and unlock the door. The still and loneliness of the room was becoming unbearable and I was ready to welcome an intruder, even, just for the change.

The man came in. He was a very large man, considerably over six feet six; and his big legs supported a frame that was correspondingly large and heavy. However, his step was quick and light and his every movement was one of agility. He wore a full beard, black and curly. I noticed his hair was several degrees lighter and decided he was enmasqued. I was not especially uneasy, but began to plan on the best way to protect eighteen hundred dollars, that I had placed in my inside pocket.

The giant paid no attention to Parkhurst, but came directly to me, swinging his heavy revolver by his side. I was standing. As he approached me he levelled his gun and said: "Got any fighting tools on ye?"

"Yes," I replied, "and that is not all—I am going to keep them, too!" Three reasons for this: Firstly, I was playing for time; secondly, I hoped to divert his mind to other channels momentarily; and, thirdly, I wanted to get him real angry. I succeeded in all three.

I was a man of no mean stature or strength either. Standing six feet one-inch I weighed considerably over two-hundred pounds. At college I got more than my share of the prizes, for tests of strength; then out-lifted my company in the World War, and was heavy-weight champion boxer of my

regiment. Fear I had never known; and as this giant overtowered me in height and dwarfed me in size, as an ordinary man would a boy, I would have not have hesitated to engage in any ordinary scuffle, even though its folly had been proven.

"So you are going to keep them are ye? Well: just to take a little of that conceit out of ye I am going to take ye by the wrists and break both arms! I am not going to rob ye. You are a young fellow and have not got much money. Anyhow, what you need is a good lesson and I'll show ye that you mus'n't try to play with *me!*"

I paid little attention to what he said, but was deliberating on what plan of defense, or even attack, if I saw an opening, would be the most effective. Summoning all my strength and agility I struck him in the mouth with my fist. I must have rebounded further than he went the other way; for I could not see that he had moved. It seemed as if the blow had smashed my hand into a hundred pieces. The giant cupped both hands to his mouth and spit out some teeth. Blood was spattered all over me and was running in streams down his waist-coat. He then extended his left arm toward me and reached for my collar. This was my opportunity. I avoided the thrust and ducked under his arm. Then caught him in the hollow of the leg with my left knee, at the same time pushing against his windpipe with the side of my right hand and wrist. It was the taboo strangle-hold, but produced the desired results. The ponderous frame of the giant went to the floor in a heap of grunts and curses. I jumped top of him and with a few hard blows planted on his neck soon had him in a semi-paralyzed condition. I heard something like a step behind me and was turning to look when a heavy thing struck me on the head. It grew dark quickly.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN I MET ETHEL.

I looked around as best I could. Electric lights suspended from the walls and a row of beds were lined up on either side of the room.

"You are better,—are you not? You will be out of here in a week.—You had concussion of the brain and a slight hemorrhage; you bled from one ear; but with the absorption, will have no more trouble from this.—You were brought in here day-before-yesterday.—Yes, this is a hospital away downtown.—A big brute of a man brought you here in his arms and told us to give you the best of care, leaving \$200 and saying he would be back to settle the balance, should there be any;—Yes, his front teeth were all gone and his mouth was swollen and appeared to be sore. He said you were the pluckiest chap he ever ran up against and the only man that ever gave him all he wanted in a tussle.—You must have come from the "Underworld districts," for he spoke of a "low-down scamp" that he had to lick before he would let you be taken away. He left \$1800 with me to give to you when you go from the hospital."

The nurse was pleasant and inclined to be pretty. Her classical features added charm to her face, and with the large, dark eyes, which told their story before she could speak. Her manner was earnest and engaging and she spent a good part of her spare time visiting with me.

"I would like to know," she asked, "how you happen to be carrying so much money on your person? and what did you intend to do with it?"

I was not vexed at the unusual barrage of personal questions and answered them with frankness, although never revealing my true identity as a principal in the case.

"Then you are a detective," she continued. "I am getting tired of this life and want to get out into the world where big

things happen. I have a daring, venturesome spirit and would like to work with you. Will you give me a job?"

"Could you go where I sent you and do what I want of you," I asked.

"I will do anything you ask of me," she replied.

She told me her name was Ethel Kingsley and was twenty-five years old. I told her I could use her in this present case; and so gave her a complete history of my affairs and doings for the past two years.

In a week's time I was allowed to leave the hospital. I went directly to a second-hand clothing store and changed my clothing for a farmer's attire, consisting of blue shirt, overalls, heavy shoes and a big straw hat, then went out and boarded a car for the Grand Central Station, with the intention of going to the Adirondacks. I stood on the corner of 42nd street and started to cross over to the depot, when a big truck swung out of the crowd and passed directly in front of me. A young fellow was just ahead of me; and a rear wheel, of the truck rolled over one of his feet. As a first-aid measure I was getting ready to jump and pick him up, when, to my amazement, he did not cringe or even make an out cry. Other hands grabbed him and lugged him to the sidewalk and a mob of sympathizers, with the curious soon gathered. I could then see the side of his face. It was Parkhurst. Edging up nearer, I carelessly, but gently, stuck a white paper star on his left shoulder, near the top. Soon he happened to turn and recognized me. He did not respond as I bowed. I knew by his actions and the movement of the crowd that he was headed for the depot. Evidently he knew I was aware of this, for he became lost in a subway crowd at the entrance.

I then entered a subway station and boarded a train for the West side. I was visiting with a man and consequently slow in leaving the train for the Hudson River Line. The door shut and I was carried by. Then I returned from 72nd Street.

When I reached the pier the boat was gone. I asked the gateman if he saw a man with any particular marks of identification. He said, "No one, only a man evidently from The White Star Line." This was my clue. I went back to the Grand Central and boarded the next train North. I got off

at Poughkeepsie. Then buying a row boat at the river I rowed out on to the Hudson. I kept pretty well in the main stream and waited. I could hear the boat whistling as she was coming up the river. As she came along I climbed onto the prow of my boat and it began to fill it with water. As the boat sank I screamed. In quick time a small boat was lowered from its much larger companion and I was taken aboard. I remained in the hold and was put off at Albany.

I went to the railroad station. I knew that a great many trains were made up at Albany and would probably have to get my clue for the next developments right here. As I would not be allowed to remain long at any one place in the station to watch trains or the travelling public I was foiled to know how I could best pick up this clue.

I went out and crossed the street to get a lunch. I went into a restaurant and whom should I see but the nurse I had just left in New York, sitting at a table with Parkhurst! Struck with anything as light as a feather would have meant my undoing! She was visiting earnestly with her companion. She looked up at me, but did not even nod. Priding myself on being very adamant when the woman question was broached, I could not understand now why my hands were like icicles, my knees trembling, my face burning up and my heart motionless. I knew it was fully five minutes since that old heart had made a beat!

I was hungry but did not know what to order. I studied my menu for ten minutes, till the cashier stepped over, and, pointing to the card, told me that his wife got those coming-out announcements every month from Macy's. I sailed the thing down the restaurant till it landed in a plate of soup that was being eaten by a lady patron. I got up, went over and apologized to the lady; and, picking up her ticket, paid the waiter; then, remembering the old saying, that the poison itself, if rightfully applied, will sometimes effect a cure, I asked the lady if I could sit with her. She assented. Not until I had jacked my knees up under my chin did I recall that I was wearing overalls and a frock. The hat was too wide to hang between the hooks, so I stepped to the window and asked the cook if he would lay the thing on his cooking-

table till I was through eating! I went back and sat down and only knocked over the cream pitcher this time! I started in with an oyster-stew and ice cream and ended up with Vermont honey and sauerkraut. My lady companion stared at me, but as I had not spoken to her during the meal I wondered why she seemed offended!

As soon as my nurse and Parkhurst had left the restaurant I got up and explained to my new friend that this was my father and mother just leaving, so would have to go.

I saw my quarry go into the main portals of the depot. I crossed the street and shied through an opening that I found at one side. I crossed tracks till I reached a platform to accommodate principally north-bound passengers. I waited awhile, then went down to the main concourse. I walked back and forth. Soon who should appear but my nurse and Parkhurst! They started to ascend a stairway to the train shed, then both stopped and came to me.

Parkhurst said: "We were married today here in Albany and are going out on the next train. If you attempt to ascend that stairway I will put a bullet through you! I shall wait for the last car." Ethel looked at me and smiled. Of course, I could not tell what she meant! But felt pretty certain I had another foe that could be added to the list.

I waited until they had disappeared, then ran out two or three entrances and went up above. A car stood between me and the platform where I knew my foe would be stationed. I climbed platforms, ducked and dodged and finally reached the last car of the train that was to carry the newly-married couple. The train left immediately. I had crawled under the platforms of the last two cars on to the brake irons. I felt certain that Parkhurst would soon pass through from the rear car to join his bride. And he did. Then I climbed up and went into the rear car.

The conductor came back and sat down near me. I engaged him in a conversation. He was affable and willing to talk. I told him I was looking for a job on a farm. He told me of a large farm at C—— where I likely would find a job. He said his father owned the one adjoining, suddenly, he burst out laughing.

Turning to me, he said: "A young fellow was working for

father, bookkeeping last Spring and won a bet in a funny way. He came out of father's office and stood by the side of the drive, when a truck driver came along and said: 'I'll bet you ten dollars you'll move, young fellow!'"

"I'll take that bet," was the reply, the driver steered for his feet. One foot was extended and the truck passed over it. He jumped off the truck and came back to see what injury had been done, if any. The fellow had not moved. The prints of the wheel showed that the wheel had gone over it. He won the money. But the foot proved to be artificial."

"Do you know that fellow?"

"No," he replied.

"Where is this farm with the prospects of a job?" I again asked the conductor.

"Up here in C——," he replied.

"Then I will get off there." Accordingly he handed me back some change.

I waited until the train had started before I left the train at C——; then climbed off on the opposite side from the depot. I ran along by the train and hid behind a sign board. After "my couple" had left the vicinity I engaged a "rig" to take me out to the farm house where I intended to get a job. I hired out; and after a good supper went up to my room. for I was tired. However. I did not sleep very soundly and at 11 o'clock awoke. I could hear voices down stairs. I went to the door and opened it a crack.

"I saw him go by just before supper and we know he stopped here. Now I just came to give you a friendly warning. If you don't get him away from here the "Night Caps" are likely to make trouble and kill him for robbing and killing a man down in New York City. He is a bad man and ought not to be allowed to remain in this peaceful community." I recognized the voice and knew it was owned by Parkhurst. After a few minutes the "voice" continued: : "A warrant is already sworn out against him on a charge of vagrancy. He is a vagabond and a hobo; has no money (Parkhurst supposed I had been robbed by the giant in New York.) and bums his living among respectable people wherever he happens to be. The officers will be here in the morning to take him on this charge." I knew the fellow was capable and had been known

to turn to the law, on any pretext, if necessary, to gain his own private ends.

I had been planning on going down stairs and giving the scamp a good beating-up, but on thinking it over decided that the incident would cause an irreparable injury to my name from which I could not recover in my self-allotted time to stay there by defeating the ends for which I came. But would also further the interests of my enemy because of the publicity I would get, besides giving him an opportunity to escape again from me. I sat down on my bed and began to study. After a few minutes I went back to the door and opened it. I could tell by the conversation that they were about to leave. I slipped down the stairway noiselessly and went out the front door. In a few minutes they came out into the darkness. I spoke to Parkhurst. He stopped and I said, "If you will step back into the house where there is a light I will show you a warrant for your arrest for stealing a string of gold beads, the identity, real ownership and proof of which are established beyond any doubt. Every sheriff in Manhattan knows where you are this minute." Now that my "game was up" here my purpose was next to get Parkhurst away from here, *too*, where I could use my tactics in catching him, without the social and legal handicaps that he had brought to bear upon me in this place.

I left him standing with his new bride and went back up stairs. But not to sleep.

Parkhurst had a brother-in-law in the Catskill Regions that was known to be associated with Parkhurst in his nefarious exploits. If I could see him I could get some valuable information and keep checked up on Parkhurst's whereabouts, too. This man, Headstrong, had never seen me and, of course, would not know me. I had known of his doing carpenter work for the Aqueduct Co. and as I now knew that Parkhurst would not stay here in C—— another night. I decided I might better take train for the Catskill Country and await information and developments.

I lay down on the bed for a nap and rest. At about 4 o'clock I was awakened by a pounding at the front door. I arose and lighted the lamp. I went to my door and listened.

"Hey, S——, let us in! There is a fellow up stairs that we

want." Two husky men lumbered up the stairs and entered my room. I saw no other way than to stand and face the music.

The leader broke out abruptly: "Young man you are wanted on a charge of vagrancy; another charge of robbery and murder are awaiting you."

"Have you the warrants for all these charges?" I parried.

"No, but we can hold you."

"Let me see your papers." I demanded. He reached into his pocket.

The house was nearly new and a well-hole, or stairway, in the back chamber had been left unfinished, with no stairs yet built.

I said, "let me get my top-coat" and before they could detain me I slipped through the other door and, grabbing a May pole that I had seen standing there, I slid down the well-hole as a fireman does from his chamber above. I expected to land on the floor below, where I had seen a sheet, or canvas, spread out. Instead, I kept on going the equivalent of two stories more. I struck ground. This part of the chamber was dimly lighted. I went out where it was brighter and found an old, dried up man working with a long paddle, at a big tub of mash. I saw I had found a distillery. The man turned and looked at me with eyes protruding. I gave him a push and he went over backward into the liquor. I then ran to the other end of a subway, which, I knew was in the direction of the barn. No locks, latches or secret panels gave evidence of any way to escape, so I quickly returned. No noise came from above and I knew from which direction to expect the next attack. I grabbed the pole and began climbing. I had just reached the first floor of the house, when I heard the voices of the men below.

I went to the front-door. It was growing light. A guard was standing outside apparently unarmed. I turned a shoulder and threw my weight into him as I had done on the gridiron. He tripped on a flower-bed and landed on his back in a bed of pansies.

Instead of going by the road I went across the fields and made a short cut for the railroad. On my way I seized an old red flannel shirt that had evidently been hung up to scare

birds from a berry patch. As I approached the railroad I heard a south bound train coming. I hurried and stationed myself. There was a gorge and a bridge a little further on. When the train came in sight I began waving my red flag. The train stopped. I dodged between two cars and ran back on the other side to the rear car, where I ensconced myself in the last seat. The train waited about twenty minutes then proceeded. The conductor came through the car slowly, scrutinizing every passenger. I was supposed to be asleep!

The conductor gave me a violent tug and said, "Young man, I want to see your ticket!

"You took it up this side of L——" I replied.

"Well then show me the stub!"

"You took the whole business."

"But that is not my way of doing." -

"Then I must have it somewhere in my baggage and will try to look it up."

"Young man I will be back to attend to your case a little later! This train has not made a stop since we left Montreal; and I know this is the first time I have seen you."

After the conductor left the car I went forward and addressed a nice looking gentleman: "Mister, I am in college, taking a course in engraving. Would you let me have the stub of your ticket to work out a model I have started? I have lost mine.—I would like to visit with you a few minutes also; may I sit on the other side by the open window: I feel faint."

I took the seat and held the hat in my hand. I had changed hats at the farm-house and now had a soft brown one.

"I could not spare the 'stub' but you may look it over," he said. I purposely stuck the stub in my hat-band and engaged him in a conversation. He became enthused over his subject and was illustrating a point, looking straight ahead. I cleverly removed the ticket-stub and put it into my pocket; then I purposefully toyed with my hat until a draft from the window took it outside.

"There!" I exclaimed "there goes my hat and the stub to your ticket!" I made him name the price he paid for it and handed him the money. Then going back to my end of the car, I waited.

Soon the conductor came in with an inspector showing a police badge.

The inspector said, "Have you a receipt for your ticket?" I immediately showed the purloined stub.

The conductor narrowed his visage, stammered and then ejaculated: "Well what do you think of that? That young man has not been on this train a half hour yet!" They turned and walked down the car half way, where they stopped to talk for fully five minutes.

The inspector returned and said to me: "I think you are the young man wanted in New York for robbery and murder and I shall have to place you under arrest." He then produced a pair of hand-cuffs and snapped them onto my wrists. Then both men left the car.

No one in the car had noticed my predicament and as we approached Albany I went onto the rear platform of the car. The train slowed a little, at the intersection of Broadway, and I jumped off. I had grabbed a magazine as I left the car and carried it in a manner so as to conceal the hand-cuffs on my wrists. A taxi came along; I hailed it and rode to City Hall, telling him to wait, as I jumped out, and I would bring out fifty cents.

I rushed to the lieutenant's desk and said: "Please unlock these, my brother and I were fooling with them a few minutes ago and I got caught. He unlocked them and I was nearly ready to go when the sargeant answered a 'phone call.

Some one called, "Hey, you!"

I turned my head and saw two guns levelled at me.

CHAPTER IV.

MY VISIT TO THE ALBANY POLICE STATION.

"You are a crime artist at large. The railroad inspector just told me to hold you until he comes over to have a visit with you." The sergeant continued "Guess I had better take you down and show you our cells while we are waiting." I started along.

"Don't go so fast," said the sargeant, and I fell a little behind, the officer being at my left. Before we reached the bottom I gathered myself for a quick blow. It landed, with telling effect just back of the officers right ear. He went head-over-heels to the floor below and lay still. It seemed as if something else dropped at the same time, but I rushed out of doors; then down behind the business blocks and entered a back door to a clothing store. My pocket book with \$1800 was gone!! But the credulousness of a green clerk was astonishing to me as I tried on and wore away a good suit of clothes, saying I would pay for them that evening. I then entered a stationery store and seeing a false moustache that matched my hair perfectly I put it into my pocket and walked out to the street, where I stuck it on.

I then went back to the Police station and went to the lieutenant's desk. I told him that I had lost a pocket book there that A. M. and described it in detail, giving the amount of money it contained. He handed over my book and I walked out.

After paying for my suit I started for the Catskill Country, going down the West side of the river. I reached my destination. It was dark. I went to a hotel and found the boss for the Aqueduct Co. and engaged to work carpentering.

The next morning I bought a kit of tools from a workman that was just leaving and went to the office, that was elevated one story above the other shacks. I registered, got my check and looked over the grounds. A construction-job of considera-

ble magnitude was in progress. And the men, scattered about, looked like a swarm of bees just let out.

I got my assignment and began work. Carpentering was my trade; and I enjoyed the technicalities and intricacies of the game. Even though forced to delve into its study and labors but now and then the work was always a source of pleasure to me and fascinating.

That night I moved to a permanent boarding-place and settled down in a spirit of complacency that was becoming to any workman. While in the sitting-room one of the "boys" referred to me as a dude, saying that a moustache of that kind didn't fit the job. I borrowed a razor and went up stairs, soon reappearing with a clean shave. The moustache was also gone. No more trouble from this score.

After getting settled I asked the name of my landlady. She answered, "It is Headstrong. My husband is a carpenter where you will be working. He remarked this evening that you had the appearance of being a good man at the trade." I was glad that I was thus received with favor. My work did not bring me into contact with my landlord, however, as I met him only at the house and on the street evenings.

I had been on the job three or four days when, one day in passing a "Hoist" that was being erected for elevating brick and mortar to the masons, I heard a voice that startled me. I peered up into the frame-work of the hoist but could not well see the man that was hidden by a maze of joists and timbers, nor could I distinguish his face. That night, after picking up my tools I had to pass the hoist again to go to the "locker," where all tools were kept. At the foot of the hoist was the print of two distinct shoes in the soft clay, of the same size and type, apparently. One of the tracks stood at a decided right angle from the other one. "These coincidences will drive me crazy," I thought, and decided to shake away any more of these besetting phantoms.

That evening I tried to play a game of pinochle in the sitting-room with a party of my host's friends that were invited in, but made so many mistakes that I had to give it up and go to bed. And something troubled me all night.

The next day I had to cut some wet planking, so sat down near the hoist, that was now completed, for the purpose of

putting more "set" into my saw. I pushed a 2x4 joist along that had been sharpened for a stake. Fully awake? I was not sure. I took up the joist to get a closer inspection; and there were three scratches on the kerf in the wood, identically the same as those left on the partition in my room, up in Vermont. Was I perfectly sound in mind? I looked behind me to see if the Evil Spirit was still chasing me!! A couple of big crow-bars and a sledge had been carelessly left lying on the ground. I looked around and found a hand axe. Yes, it was *my* hand axe! There were the three distinct nicks in its thin edge. My first impulse was to take it with me; then throw it away where it would never be found again; but on second thought I decided it even yet might provide clues of some value. I replaced it as I found it, and hurriedly left the spot as I was not yet ready to meet its possessor.

That evening after supper I took a stroll along a road out into a neck of woods. I wanted to get away from everyone, so I could think. I saw a path that led along obliquely to the highway for some distance in the brush; I followed it out. I was probably four rods from the main road when I heard voices coming down the thoroughfare. They stopped at a point nearly opposite of me. I stood behind a hemlock bush and could see and hear them very distinctly.

I recognized Parkhurst's voice. It said: "I tell you I shall never return those beads to him. Even if I could not sell them I would not give them back—just for spite! You know I don't like the fellow—he is so darned smart!—at least he thinks he is."

"Now, you are very much mistaken about him. He *is* smart, and you know it. Just because he can do so many things that you are unable to do, why should you be peeved? To tell the truth Earle, you—are—jealous! Now, I want to ask you a serious question! What in the world, do you suppose you can ever do with those beads? If you should put them upon display or even offer them for sale you would be apprehended and probably locked up inside of four hours. You couldn't get away! The robbery is too well-known, the country over, for you to ever escape, should you show them to anyone. You are depriving him of the enjoyment of their beauty, but vastly more, their associations, which must mean

a good deal to him, coming as they do, down the lineal line of descent from his great-great-grand father, and then, what if he should suffer misfortune and want to convert them into money, or more likely put a mortgage on them for a time? Earle you are a beast at heart! If I had not married you, I would not stay with you another minute!"

After all, I knew that I did not care so much for the beads, even with their wonderful associations, as I did to hear her confess a wedded life to that man I so despised! Then I coughed heavily; I could not help it. Rather than to let them think I was eavesdropping I hurried brusquely down across the triangle of wood toward them. Her manner was one of decided surprise. His nonchalance was one of exasperation, and I really wanted an opportunity to fight with him, though he was heavily armed!

I approached Parkhurst and said: "The quicker you get those beads for me the more trouble you will be saving yourself."

He retorted, "I haven't got your d— beads; and that isn't all: I don't think *you* will have them for a while, either." I was on the point of hitting him a good blow, when Ethel stepped between us.

"You know I am his wife." The last word was almost unintelligible. I looked at her, I believe if possible, with appeal in my eyes; and I thought I could detect something understandable in her expression as she returned the gaze. I turned on my heel and said no more.

I went directly to my room and to bed. I could not sleep, but of course, began to think and study. I began to think thus: Ethel was the only girl I really ever cared for; her wavy, golden hair was a part of my dreams nights; her dark eyes were the only eyes that had searched the innermost part of my soul; her form the only form that could match the liness and grace of the fast-fleeing doe when seeking protection from its pursuers; her hand the only hand that had given me pains of ecstasy, as I recalled the days spent at the hospital, when she was wont to stroke my forehead and face for hours at a time; her voice the only voice that ever awakened a musical response from the harp-strings of my emotions! No use!—I couldn't sleep, so got up and dressed; then lay down

on the bed. It is not possible that I at last went to sleep!—
just lapsed into unconsciousness!

CHAPTER V.

WHEN FRANK VAN LOON BECAME A PAL OF MINE.

When I went to the breakfast table the next morning a letter lay at my plate. It was not stamped. I opened it and read: "If you have any brains, use them!—Ethel Parkhurst." By this time I was *really* angry! I drank my coffee then went to the writing desk and wrote:

Mrs. Earle Parkhurst.

My dear Madam:

I received your beautiful little note at the breakfast table! After a restless, sleepless night, such as is my lot so frequently to experience your note was very refreshing and inspiring!—I am so glad you wanted to work for me! It is a comfort to know that I can have some one that I can depend upon!

If I only had your wonderful attributes of attractiveness and beauty plus your tact and vivacity I would not need even as many brains as I have now!

But I was born to be a martyr and expect to die a martyr! My only regret is, that I could not have stepped to the altar in your place, when Parkhurst was married, and thus saved you from a hell that I don't think you deserve!

Women are such beautiful creatures! Now do you wonder why I am not married at thirty?

Your phantom chaser,

Edgar Mason.

I lost two hours work that morning but made up for it in mistakes that I made after I got started! The boss set me at framing 100 4x4 braces. He drew a straight line across all of them at one stroke, for identification marks. I proceeded to cut them all in two on this line—a result of my inattentiveness and need of application of my mind to the work in hand! The boss came around and fired me.

I immediately started out to interview some of the other bosses when I met Ethel going to the office. She began to laugh and when I said, "Good Morning!" she laughed, if pos-

sible, more heartily than ever. To say that I was vexed and exasperated is to put it mildly. I determined then and there that our relations were terminated.

Not fazed at my discharge I immediately went to work with the laborers, at shovelling. The next morning the boss carpenter told me I could take my tools and go back to work for him. The next two weeks were rather uneventful. No new clues as the probable location of my beads came to me. I learned by investigation that Parkhurst and his wife were occupying a three-room shack just outside of the grounds or works. Bent on learning a little more about the dual life they seemed to be living, I walked over by their place one evening after work and, when approaching the house, I heard loud voices. I got up near to the window and listened. Soon I heard him talking.

"If you are going to be so urgent about my returning those beads to Mason (that being my name) there is just one thing that I will have to do and that will be because you are forcing me to it. I shall send the beads to my uncle in England. He will sell them for me and I will realize a good profit for them. Then you and I will go West so I can get you away from some of your Eastern pets. I believe it is for this reason that you have been so indifferent ever since we left the chapel on our wedding day. I suppose if we lived in a room only two-by-four you would have a partition built across it so you could be alone nights! I am getting tired of this semi-solitude. Neither would you let us go to live with my brother-in-law, Headstrong. You have been determined that I should not have, nor enjoy any social advantages since I married you. If I did not think the world of you I would not live with you five minutes!"

"Earle, you are disheartening: Why do you talk so? I am your wife; and while I remain so I shall try to do all I can for you and hope to make something out of you yet. You are well educated and should be occupying a respectable position, instead of bumming around the way you are. I might just as well be frank with you: When I married you you were so deep in the mire of sin and debauchery that I just saw a new light and determined to show you your evil ways and bring

out the good in you if there be any,—that is, while I remain your wife.”

“While you remain my wife! What do you mean by that?”

“I mean just this: That I am not convinced that you and I are meant for each other. Time only will tell. Thus far I am really disappointed in you. You have not yet shown the type of man that appeals to me. I want a man that is upright and honest; one that is above the vices and shams that seem to so beset the young man of the present age. But you are even worse than that. You are dishonest; you are a thief; you would murder if it would further your ends.”

Just then a dog growled from the house within.

I knew that Parkhurst was a dog-fancier and had bought a large grey hound while up in the Adirondacks. I had probably made a slight noise outside of the window which the dog detected, so I withdrew hastily and, turning, started to walk away. My face caught a telephone wire, strung from a corner of the house to some other object, which I could not see. Instantly a bell rang at the door and the grey hound began bellowing from the depth of his lungs. I knew quick action must be made. A leaning apple tree stood nearby. I started for it. At the same time the door opened and the grey hound bounded toward me. I barely swung myself from a low limb to a heavy prong above as the dog reared up on the limb of the tree and extended his muzzle toward me.

Parkhurst came rushing out with his gun. I pulled my Colts' and waited, not knowing just what would happen or what to do. By the light from the window we could see each other quite distinctly.

He said to me: “Get down out of that tree! I knew you'd be hanging around and this is the trap I set for you. You got caught, didn't you?” He was standing nearly under me, with his gun in his hand. At that moment his wife appeared at the door and said: “Earle if you shoot I shall shoot.”

I seized upon the moment to say, “Ethel can you take care of the dog?” I knew she would understand me. The man had lowered his gun and had been looking at his wife. Before she had time to reply I leaped upon Parkhurst's head and shoulders; the force of my blow knocked him down. At the same instant I heard a shot ring out followed quickly by a

yelp, which told me there was no further danger from that quarter. As we both went to the ground I struck my head on a stone; the next I realized I was on my back and Parkhurst was over me with his revolver in his hand. His position was one inclined from the left. I cautiously freed my leg and jacked up my right knee. Craning my neck I peered back over my head, as I heard a sound. Ethel was standing there with gun in her hand.

She said to Parkhurst: "If you shoot him I will shoot you." His gun was pointed directly at my head.

"My first love is for you," he said, "and still I possess a paramount desire to rid this earth of this dog, who has chased me ever since you and I were married; and if he is out of my way you and I will be happier together. That I know."

This partly saved my life. My right arm lay across my chest free. Striking his gun-arm with my free hand, I whipped my right leg across both of his and brought my arm under his chin across his neck. With redoubled effort I threw my entire strength into the trick and turned his frame over, coming on top. The gun was discharged when I first caught his arm. I looked up at Ethel. She was agitated and excited.

"Shoot him! shoot him!" she repeated, "or he will kill you as soon as he gets a chance."

"No, I am not going to shoot him," I replied, "not in cold blood; and he is too valuable an ally for me to lose. And, then, I believe he is your husband," I faltered.

"Yes; he—is—my husband," she admitted, "and I was hasty!—Earle are you hurt?" she compromised. He staggered to his feet.

"This has been my unlucky day!" was his only reply.

Without again looking at either I turned and walked away. For some reason that I could not explain, I felt quite reassured as to the attitude of Ethel. I returned immediately to my boarding-house.

It was about 9:30. There was some commotion in the house. As I entered I met Father's wife, who was just leaving the sitting room. We were alone.

She said, "How do you do? Have you any trace of your beads yet? It is believed they have been taken to California by a man who was pretending to sell fruit acres in that State.

He left about the time your beads disappeared. Your father is now at work on a clue. A home-knit glove was found in our hall way, that corresponds exactly to one that was found in his pocket."

"I heard all about it," I lied, "and the man came here and worked a week on this job, where he was fired for stealing tools. He is a kleptomaniac. He left here some time ago; but I am trying to pick some clues before I start after him. I have not succeeded very well, as yet."

She was satisfied with my explanation and went up stairs. When I went to get my check the next morning the boss told me a cargo of lumber was expected any day at the docks on the Hudson, not many miles away from our scene of activities, and I would not have to wait long for work, so I went back to my room, changed clothes and entered my own employment, which business was assuming proportions of real importance by this time. I figured it would be two or three days at the least, before they would be in readiness to set us at work again. Accordingly I began to outline a plan of action or campaign, for myself, placing no mean value upon my forced vacation. Here was my plan:

I had not forgotten Frank Van Loon, my former antagonist, and knew that he was a regular parasite at digging into clues and mysteries. By reason of a wonderful personality that was as subtle as it was ominous and carried the weight of a giant, that he really was, I felt that if I could enlist his interest in my case his force of character and strength of purpose and mind would produce results commensurate with the dignity and influence of his presence.

Our next plan would be to locate the box of beads, of which I had heard nothing since I had left the New York wharf palace, so designated. Outside of Parkhurst, he probably knew as much about their next destination as anyone in Gotham; for it was a part of his nefarious occupation to make and keep an account of all valuable packets of jewelry, or gems, that came in, or went out, of New York; and, especially, by steamboat.

Someone rapped at the door. I opened it. "My boss" stood there. He said, "Would you mind going over to the river and checking up two truck-loads of lumber. It will take you

about two hours. I will give you half-a-day's pay. The rest of the 'boys' have gone away." I consented. I reached the pier and got the trucks about half-loaded, when I heard a deep resonant voice coming up from below. I recognized Van Loon on the other side of a pile of timbers and asked what he was doing here.

Just then Parkhurst appeared from below in a pair of overalls. Apparently he was helping unload the boat. He listened as Van Loon said, "I am working for the United Fruit Co. and am leaving tomorrow morning if we can get this cargo off." I felt that he probably had a sinister purpose in pretending to have taken up this kind of work as a means to a livelihood; but made no remarks as touching upon the genuineness of his motives.

After the loading was finished we three separated and I betook myself to the bunk-house, where I had a long talk with the giant and we agreed to meet in New York at a day not far hence.

I got off the truck and started back for my room to clean up. On my way I was passing Parkhurst's shack, when I remembered that Parkhurst was away and wondered if Ethel would be at home.

I walked around the house. It was locked. I procured a ladder from the "works" nearby and placing it at a back, second-story window, behind a cedar tree, I ascended and was soon inside.

The room was evidently Ethel's. The door was locked, but I was soon able to pass through, by the aid of a skeleton key. Through a small hall-way was another room that bore the marks of having a man for an occupant. That was the room I wanted. I took a blank key from my ring and opened a trunk, standing against the wall. On the top of the tray was a letter, dated the day before, addressed to Parkhurst. I opened it and read:

V— S—, N. Y.

"Dear Son:

It has been a long time since I have been able to intelligently address you a letter. Last Monday I chanced to get hold of a paper printed here that said Mason had been at the

hotel here some time. I knew "where I found the cat I was pretty likely to find mice," and so started to look you up. I reached daughter Edna's last night. (By the way, why haven't you been up to see your sister?)

"Now, if I don't see you soon, let me give you instructions: Mason is keen after you and is within twenty-four hours of getting the beads; I have got to send them away! You wrap the box in several thicknesses, of heavy, green linen cloth, which you can find at Wanamaker's and address it plainly as follows: Sir Henry Eltinge, 1384 E— Street, Liverpool, Eng. You take it to the C— Boat, of the Cunard Line and hand it to the Mate's son, with the instruction that he give it to the Purser. We won't need to worry any further. It will then be taken care of. I have written Uncle Henry to send me the money as soon as he sells the beads.

"I would like to see you, but you must attend to this business first. By all means protect the beads, even if it costs you your life.

Your affectionate Mother,
Harriet Mason."

I was struck by the incongruity of the complimentary closing, with respect to the sentiment of the letter; and wondered if she could be his own mother, after all! I did not look for any more letters. This one contained all the information I desired. I replaced it and locked the trunk, and then left the building as I had entered.

As I reached Headstrong's house I was met by my step-mother, at the door, she handed me a letter from my father. He said evidence indicated that my beads had been carried to California; and that he had received a letter from his wife saying there were several clues pointing that way. He enclosed \$200 for me to use in his behalf and wanted I should go there and see if I could get a trace of them. I let her read the letter and remarked that it was a very good suggestion; and thought I should go out there before long. She seemed pleased with the apparent results of her campaign. I told her I was going to New York on the midnight to prepare for the trip.

CHAPTER VI.

MY DOG "SPOT"

I went to the Cunard Line at three A. M. and waited. Everyone was busy. At about 4:30; a man came rushing down the pier and handed a box to the mate with some hurried instructions. He turned and left. I hurried up to the mate and asked him what he was going to do with that box. He told me.

I said, "It is a serious mistake; the box is destined for Savannah, Ga. I am the owner of that box and ought to know where it is going." I continued, "I intended to sail on this boat, myself, and handed this messenger the box a few minutes ago with explicit directions where to send it."

"Let me see that box again," I demanded. As I took the box I deftly slipped a gluey label over the other one and pressed it with my hand. Then turning the box around I showed him its new label. "Isn't that sufficiently plain," I asked. "Now you take that over to the United Fruit Steamer as quickly as you can!" I ordered; "and here are ten dollars for your extra trouble." He went as I directed and I followed at a distance.

When we reached the boat I told him I would take the box into the purser; which I did and deposited in the safe. The boat was bound for Brazil, but had taken on 150 passengers, the same as if by charter, to leave at Savannah where a convention was to be held the next week. On the first night the ship's rudder was broken in a storm and we drifted for two days before the carpenters could get it repaired. When we at last reached Savannah it was in the night, I should say about midnight. We were told we would have to leave the boat as she was badly listing from other damages by the storm.

I went to a hotel. The clerk had lost the combination to the safe and would not accept my box of beads for safe-keeping; so I had to take them to my room. By my nocturnal experiences while at sea, I was now tired and thoroughly ex-

hausted. I soon dropped into a very sound sleep.

I had a call at 8 A. M. by the electric bell. I arose and dressed and went to the door. It was ajar; in fact, would not stay closed. The lock and catch had been broken as they were pried away from the jamb. Something lay on the floor in the rather dark corridor. I picked it up. It was my axe with three nicks! I felt weak in the knees. Turning, I went to my dresser drawer. The box was gone! I was angry! and this time with myself. Going to the door I took the hand-axe and sailed it to the further most end of the corridor. Immediately someone crossed and picked it up. I hurried along down, but no one was to be seen.

I went down to the breakfast-room, drank two cups of black coffee, then went out onto the street. The first man I saw was Frank Van Loon. His boat was held up for repairs. I told him my story,—how I had once got possession of the beads; but had now lost them again. Van Loon pointed across the street and said, "Look there!" I looked and saw Parkhurst walking down the other side, whistling. He passed out of sight and in about ten minutes who should walk down behind him but Ethel, my nurse! I halloed and beckoned with my hand. She turned and looked, then hurried along faster. In about a half-hour she returned and walked up on my side of the street.

She came up to me and said: "I want you to avoid me, unless impossible; but under no circumstances speak to me again." This was the "last straw," coming, as it did, on the heels of my other troubles! Then I started to tell her where she might go; but my better breeding forbid!! I then went into the hotel and up stairs to my room. I undressed and started to go to bed, when it occurred to me it was morning and *not* evening. So I re-dressed and sat down on my bed to think. After a while I went out!

The day was beautiful. The morning air, not yet burnt up by the sun, was delightful. The pulse of the city, as it seemed, with its renewed activities, was a part of the world itself. Birds were hovering, then flitting about, as if the place were a Paradise of their own. The reaction from the cold, biting air of the North, was calming and soothing. It invited rest; and had I not been so preoccupied with the demands of

my present-day problems I should have acceded to its call for peace and quiet and retreated to the distant hills and wood to enjoy this reaction.

I wanted this rest and walked across the city a little way to a park that, as it seemed, was nestled in by itself away from the rest of the city; when it really stood in its busiest section. There was a pool of water fringed with willows that must have been transplanted. They were not vigorous; but they served my purpose. Beneath and behind the bushes stood a seat. As I approached it Parkhurst and Ethel arose and went the other way quickly. I saw a handkerchief lying there with the letter "P" in a corner. I did not touch it. I was trying to think and plan, but was dreaming and musing, more than any thing else.

After I had been seated a few minutes two negro boys came up leading a very large Siberian blood hound. They took a seat next to mine. The dog carried a white spot between the eyes and had a white tail. He came over to me, on the extended leash, and sitting down, laid his muzzle in my lap. He reposed like this for fully ten minutes, without moving.

"Hey, Boss," one of the boys ventured, "'Hat'll oo give fur my dorg? Ef ye be loosin ene melins or chickuns this ole buy ull sartain ketch um." While revolving several things in my mind, I told him I would give him \$25. for the hound. He immediately brought the leash over to me. I paid him. As the boys went away tears rolled down their cheeks. The dog did not offer to move.

Then I let him smell of the handkerchief on the seat. I wrapped the handkerchief in a newspaper sheet and we started. The dog took the lead. We brought up at a single-tracked street-car line. The dog stopped and looked toward the outskirts of the city. We waited there for twenty minutes when a car approached from the country. "Spot" as they called him, began to twist his body, wag his tail and pull on the leash. I boarded the car and rode a few blocks toward Town. I quizzed the conductor and got what I wanted. He said a young man and woman left his car at the end of the line and went out into the woods; so I alighted and took the next car back.

At the end of the line I took out the handkerchief and let

the hound smell of it again. I followed the dog. Once he started to growl. I stroked him gently on the head and did not hear as much as a whine after that. Evidently Parkhurst was well-acquainted in this place, as he moved around with the ease and apparent experience of a native. The dog and I trotted along for some time, when, as we approached an elevation I caught a glimpse of a newly boarded building behind a clump of cedars. I stopped and led the dog away from the path some distance and tied him to a small tree. Then I went to the house. I had seen Ethel go down the path alone, crying, and knew Parkhurst must be alone. A limb snapped under my weight when I stepped to the door. As I came in sight Parkhurst was standing there with gun levelled. I made "no bones" of that but sat down in a chair near the door. At the other side of the room, on a table, was my black box.

I said: "Well! Parkhurst you have the drop on me, but before you shoot I want to ask, "What you intend to do with my box?—and are the beads still in there?"

"The beads are in the box," he replied; "I intend to send them to England if you don't intercept them again."

"Now," I continued, "You and I are alone; and if you will lay that gun down I will engage you in ahand-to-hand combat to see who is to be the master of that box of beads. Doubtless this will settle all differences between you and me. I really don't believe you are the coward to stand there and hold that gun on me, when we should be on equal footing here all alone."

My argument prevailed; he stepped to the table and laid the revolver down, then came back and faced me. He was taller than I but not so heavily built. I knew that he possessed more daring than skill or judgment. We stepped outside into the small yard. I grabbed him by the left arm and right shoulder, intending to give him the "toe-hold" and land him back of me. But as I stepped a little backward, to plant my right foot, I dropped into a post-hole and fell over backward; he came top of me. Not satisfied with the advantage he already had he picked up a stick of wood and hit me on the head.

I was numb; I could move only one hand and soon realized I was bound to a tree. There was the house, the yard and

the post-hole, then everything came to me. But no one was in sight. I remembered I had left my dog tied nearby. I whistled and could hear him whine. After a half-hour, or so, Spot came bounding up to me with a ragged end to his cord dragging, indicating that he had gnawed it in two. He came up and licked my hand. With my free hand I took a spectacle case from my pocket, that Van Loon had dropped on the boat, up the Hudson. I opened it and let the dog smell of it; then took some shreds from the cord, that was hitched to the dog, and attached the receptacle to the hound's collar. Then I told him to go.

Time was dragging slowly. I was in pain and agony, not only from bruises on my head and body, but more from my cramped, rigid position. Both feet and legs were "asleep." I reviewed the past history of my case from every angle and especially with reference to what significance it might have for my future.

Four hours must have passed when I heard some one approaching. Van Loon and my blood hound soon appeared. Van Loon released me at once, then said: "No time for history now! but let me tell you that Parkhurst and his wife have engaged to embark on my boat, the 'Maiden' for New York. It sails in less than two hours. You see by our forced delay at Savannah, we had to re-ship our cargo to Brazil and now have to return to New York with an empty hold." He said: "Hurry! we must catch the boat!" I replied that my legs yet seemed paralyzed and I could not take a step. He grabbed me and threw me over his shoulder and started off on a trot. I was in pain, but endured it without a murmur. When we boarded the street car I was able to walk. The exercise and its massage had started up circulation.

We reached the gang-plank as it was about to be lifted. I went immediately to the purser's office. Parkhurst and wife had both registered, but in separate state rooms. I engaged two rooms next to their rooms and entering mine went to bed.

The next morning I arose feeling much rested. I went below for breakfast. A flashily dressed, sport took a seat at my table. Soon, who should walk in and seat himself near-by but Parkhurst. My new companion, at my table, wore a lustrous light blue diamond on his left hand of about 3-karat size;

another large one flashed from his shirt-stud and a third one was set in an unblemished watch-charm. I remarked on the probable value of his diamonds.

"Yes;" he replied, "I was just offered \$25,000 for these by a lady in Savannah.

We finished breakfast and I sat for a few minutes reading yesterday's paper; then got up and walked away. I had not noticed which way Parkhurst had gone. No one was in sight. As I approached the galley-house Parkhurst came out and struck me on the arm with the flat of his hand. Not minding this slight affront, I was more interested to know what was the cause of a guttural noise I had just heard inside. I stepped in; my late breakfast companion lay on the floor with his throat cut and was gasping his last. I rushed upon deck and found the ship's officer. I told him of my discovery and led him below to the ghastly scene. We decided he was robbed, as his diamonds had disappeared. Turning to me he snapped a pair of cuffs onto my wrists and said: "Young man, I think you can explain this mystery as well as anyone. I noticed when you came to me that you carried bloody finger marks on your sleeve." I looked at my coat-sleeve; there were four streaks of blood near the wrist.

"Evidently," he continued, "your victim gave you a good tussle before he had to give up." Parkhurst came rushing up to us: "There is my axe with which he committed the dastardly deed," he broke in, excitedly.

Yes, there lay the axe with its edge tinged with crimson, but with no other blood marks on it, save four distinct finger prints of a man's hand on the handle. I called the officer's attention to this fact, asking him how such a gash, as the man bore, could be made without blood spurting over the blade and head of the axe.

"Your argument is interesting," he said, "but the evidence is against *you*; and I guess you'll have to forego the views of the sea until we reach New York.

Van Loon and my blood hound next appeared on the scene. Spot paid no attention to the murdered man, but smelled of the axe-handle, then went up to Parkhurst and growled.

"Take that d—dog away!" sputtered Parkhurst, "I don't

like him." Every one turned and watched the dog. Several were now standing by.

Van Loon stepped up to me and said: "Don't worry! I'll take care of the case." The officer then locked me up.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR RETURN TO NEW YORK.

Not a very strict surveillance was kept over letters or notes that came to me that day. They were handed to me "untouched," as it were, by the officer. And soon after my incarceration I received a note from Van Loon saying that he had insisted upon an inquest. A federal judge was on board and presided. Evidence produced indicated that a razor had been used to cut the man's throat. A piece broken off was found lodged in his throat, also. The size of the hand and finger strokes did not correspond to mine, and at night I was released. The mayor of Savannah furnishing bail of \$25,000. He too, was bound for N. Y.

After supper I went immediately to my room. I set about to evolve a plan that would apprehend and convict Parkhurst, the real perpetrator of the crime. I knew he must have used his razor, the fact might indicate that I knew where the razor was kept, also, perhaps, better than Parkhurst; and was attempting to foister the crime on to *him*; therefore, I might become implicated again. I had got to go slowly.

We experienced another storm, which was worse, if possible, than the one we passed through on the other trip. Many windows, some in the interior of the boat, were broken by the twisting of the vessel. A transom window over Parkhurst's door was among them. With this I was delighted! Buying a hand-mirror of a lady I hurriedly fastened it to the transom frame in the top, so that it would reflect inside or out. I finished my work before daylight. There was nothing to do then but wait until the next night.

I knew that Parkhurst was in the habit of shaving every night. So as night approached I hung around the door to my room as much as possible—his room being next to mine. Soon I heard him stropping a razor in his room. I stepped under the improvised mirror and looked. He was soaping his face, and the razor lay on a table nearby. I motioned to the officer,

who happened to be near. He came up to me and I said, "If you should see a man using a razor with a corner broken out what would you do?"

"I should arrest him at once," was the reply, "and would connect him with that murder case so quickly that his head would swim." I then led him under the transom and showed him the mirror. He stood there for several minutes, evidently studying his case. At last he turned to me and said: "What would you do?"

I replied, "Don't arrest him now, as it may interfere with my case." We then sat down by the door and I told him about the beads and their ramifications.

"Well," he said, "we have got to watch him. He is a dangerous man and must not be let loose again." With this I agreed, still wondering how I could ever establish and prove a legal claim to my beads, if the possession of them ever passed from him. From that time on the officer watched him, with especial reference to what dispositions he made of his things while in his room.

When we reached the pier for a landing Parkhurst emerged from his room, carrying a small, square package in heavy wrapping-paper. The officer stepped up to him: "Young fellow what have you done with your trunk?" Parkhurst replied that it was checked for its destination.

The officer said: "I understand you are carrying valuables; I will walk along with you to give you protection." I was following. Parkhurst had attached a stout cord to the package. As we approached the gang-plank Parkhurst suddenly disappeared. I leaned over the rail and saw him dive head-foremost into the water, with the package under his chest. I knew he was an expert swimmer and a regular sea-dog in the water. We did not see him again.

Anyone would react to the sharp, biting cold of the North, when suddenly transferred from the balmy Southern climate. Likewise, standing out in sharp contrast, was the snap and punch of the speech I could now hear, as compared to the easy, low, soft drawl of the Southerner. I appreciated my transition and responded to the quickening of a new life, as it were.

I had secured a room near the wharf and, after a day's rest,

I started out to find Van Loon. I went to the under-ground parlors, by the way of the usual entrance. I knocked at the door and soon entered. Van Loon had three rooms, not as large as Parkhurst's but much more luxurious in their appointments, equipment, and furnishings. They had the appearance of a Fifth Ave. dwelling. They were neat and tidy and the general arrangement indicated the touch of a woman's hand. Spot greeted me with barks and bounds; and when Frank offered to let me take him home with me I demurred and replied it was better to leave him here for a time; and presaged an active part for him in the not far distant.

Van Loon and I went over the recent events of our steam-boat trip with the possible relations they would bear to the future. I asked if he knew that Parkhurst had jumped overboard as the boat was docking. He replied that he saw the whole performance.

"But," he continued, "it is not time yet to worry about Parkhurst or the beads. They are here in New York City this minute." I wondered at his seeming omniscience or, perhaps intuition and was glad at last to have gained his respect and friendship; for I considered him to be an invaluable ally in a work where I knew he possessed a pronounced versatility.

Van Loon said, "My brother was killed last week in a saloon brawl near the Charlestown Navy Yards. I have become estranged from the life that once held out a fascination to me and have now decided to give up its nefarious practices and habits.—No; I shall continue to live right here; this is comfortable and is my home. I have lived here a good many years."

The next two weeks I spent in chasing intangible clues, or phantoms, up-town. They would usually lead to 125th Street near 8th Ave. One day I was near the subway station there, when something heavy dropped from the esculator above. It was a hand-axe. As I started for it Van Loon stepped from the crowd and said: "Don't touch it!" I immediately recognized my axe.

"Some stranger will come along and steal it," I replied.

"Don't worry about that!" he answered; "No one will steal that axe for a while, yet."

I stood and watched the crowd. Soon an Italian laborer

walked by and picked up the axe. I shadowed him to 3d Ave. where he entered rather unclean quarters. Not knowing what else to do, I crossed the street and hid in a door-way directly opposite. After a half-hour or so a well-dressed young woman walked up and accosted a policeman. They talked for a few minutes, then both entered the Italian's house. I waited. In about ten minutes they both again appeared, the young woman carrying the axe. I was convinced that I now had a clue that would give up Parkhurst's whereabouts.

Taking up the young woman's trail, I followed her into Greenwich Village and watched her go into a house on 8th Ave. Soon who should come out of the house but Ethel Kingsley Parkhurst herself! She walked directly over to me and said, "We are to put on a big amateur show tonight, and I am the leading lady. Nearing the intermission of the show I am to wear a string of gold beads in a professional skit. And—they—are—your—beads," she drew out in measured time. She continued, "I would like to deliver the beads to you if possible, but I have had no more say or influence with them than you have, or even as much. I am powerless to dictate or retrieve the beads in a safe manner. But to explain to you: A man from California, selling fruit-acres, is to be in the other part of the sketch with me. He is putting on the play, *himself*, for the benefit of the Greenwich Village Orphans. In order to awaken and renew interest on the part of the audience I am to become angry in my role and, turning must throw the beads over into the left aisle. As the play is made up, the stranger from California will retrieve the beads, having caught them, and thus will save them from the frantic mob. You had better get a seat near that aisle."

I went to the show. It was like a musical comedy; and was good. Ethel carried her part like a professional, or real actress. Along toward the middle of the play, the gent from California suddenly bobbed up in the aisle near me. I was in a fever of expectancy. Soon Ethel became loud and looked over toward me. Turning in an apparent rage she threw the beads in my direction. They were going over my head! I stuck up my cane to intercept and stop their flight. They caught on the cane and slid down to my hand. I did not know what to do! Here were my beads now in my possession! I got up and

started for the main entrance. As I stepped into the lobby I felt a touch on my arm and turned to look into a big, heavy revolver not over six inches from my face. Parkhurst was holding the gun.

He said: "Hand those beads to me before I get a cramp in my finger! It is aching now!" His eyes glistened like two wet pieces of coal. I could do nothing but hand over the beads, saying, "How long do you expect to keep them?"

He did not reply, but went back into the theatre and on to the stage. It was very evident we had foiled the California man, however, in a very clever trick of his manufacture. I did not re-enter the theatre, but went over to the door-way, where I had seen Ethel come out, and waited. After nearly two hours my theatrical troupe came out, but passed by.

Parkhurst stopped long enough to say, "No use of your waiting here for us. We are going now for supper. I haven't the beads with me, anyway. You can come back tomorrow if you wish, but we will be gone then." I believed him.

I shadowed them out on to Broadway and to a fashionable hotel, then gave up the chase. I went back to my room. The next morning I told Van Loon of my past night's experience.

He said, "I will investigate that place in 8th Ave." I gave him the street number.

Before dinner time he returned. He told me that Parkhurst and his wife had left in the night and gave no address or left no clues as to where they intended to go.

"I asked the proprietor of the house if he left any personal property." He said, "Nothing but a cap." I got that and here it is." He produced a newspaper with something inside.

"We will keep that for Spot," he continued, "He might want to smell of it." I comprehended his meaning and laid the bundle in a dresser-drawer.

"Well," I said, "I can't afford to wait here for opportunities; I am going out and make some." I got the cap again and let the dog smell of it; he growled and his hair bristled. I then took him on the leash and started.

I was walking up Broadway, when I felt a sudden tug by Spot. I stopped and turned. Spot was smelling of a sedan car that stood by the curb. I took the number of the car, then asked the driver if he had taken anyone for a drive that day,

describing Parkhurst and Ethel. He told me he had taken such a couple up to 145th St. I then asked if he could take me up and put me off at that very place. He replied that he thought so. So we took the trip up-Town.

Spot and I alighted from the car and we started out. The dog had picked up a scent and was tugging at his leash. We went to a door. An elderly man answered my ring.

"Have you any rooms to rent," I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I had two nice rooms this morning, but have rented one of them. Would you like to see the other?" I answered in the affirmative. He took me up two flights of stairs to a large room, that was evidently part of a once-double-room.

Soon I heard voices, through the heavy double doors, in the room adjoining, and recognized Parkhurst's voice. I had engaged my room for a week, and was glad I had done so before Parkhurst had taken it over; as I knew he and his wife occupied separate rooms. Not long, however, before I heard Parkhurst ring the call bell. The proprietor came up the stairs and went to Parkhurst's door. I could hear every word that was said.

"Is that other room occupied?" Parkhurst asked.

"Yes," the old gentleman replied.

"I am sorry," Parkhurst said. "Who is in there? Do you know him?—My wife and I have to occupy separate rooms at night and would like that one."

"A very nice young man I can assure you," the owner ventured, "and I will speak to him about it."

He then came to my door and asked if I was agreeable to his staying with me nights. I told him I was, for sleeping *only*. Then I thought of my false moustache and wondered if I could conceal my real identity just for a few nights! I told the owner I was working nights and, therefore was liable to "drop in" any time.

Then I said, "But you tell that gentleman I cannot see him now, as I am very busy."

Watching my opportunity I slipped out of the house; took a subway and was soon telling Van Loon of what I had discovered and the arrangements I had made for staying up-town nights. Van Loon did not approve of my scheme.

"But," I said, "I will walk in here sometime with a wealth of information, that perhaps will lead to the recovery of my beads."

"More likely you'll walk in here, sometime, a dead man!" he answered, dryly.

I went out, bought a new suit of clothes, put on my false moustache and changed my appearance as much as possible, in every respect. Van Loon and I went out to supper together. We had been discussing the question in hand from every point and angle; and while this threw no new light on to the situation, we decided that both of us could work together at better advantage and with our combined tact and sagacity might succeed, where one alone would fail. Van Loon said: "You locate the beads again and then hand the case over to me; and I'll bet if I ever get me hands on to those beads I'll not give them up, either!" I did not go up to 145th St. that night.

I was something of an electrician and had been in the employ of a telephone company in my younger days. Frank and I decided that a telephone installed in his rooms would be of inestimable value in conducting our work and investigations and that, with this, we could co-operate and work in more perfect alignment.

The next day I went to a junk shop and procured some telephone wire, tools and a transmitter, ready to install. Returning, I worked and searched out the Jersey City Line, to which I attached my piece of wire. Then, concealing the wire, I ran it into Van Loon's room and had the thing in working order by supper-time; then sent Frank to pay the "quarter's" telephone-rent, asking for a phone number on the Jersey City Exchange. From now on, this was to be our "head quarters" for future operations.

"If I could only have Ethel in here now!" But this was not yet to be. In fact, I was even doubtful sometimes as to the real attitude of Ethel toward me and the case. She was a puzzle!

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN I BECAME A NURSE FOR PARKHURST.

I went up to my 145th St. room at night. It was 10:00 o'clock when I arrived. The house was quiet and Parkhurst was in bed. At about two in the morning Parkhurst awoke me.

"Did you ever have the measles?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, I am awfully sick," he continued, "and my body is all covered with a burning rash. If you would get up, please, and turn on the light we might be able to tell what is the trouble." I did as he requested and we decided he had the measles, or something similar. A doctor was called and agreed on our diagnosis.

The doctor advised that he must go to a hospital or have nurses to take care of him in this room.

"This is a contagious disease," he added; and turning to me said, "You will be quarantined right here and must not leave the room."

I was cognizant of the rules emanating from the Board of Health and knew it would be of no avail to demur, or object. Parkhurst was quite opposed to going to the hospital, as I knew he would be. He could not afford to part with the box of beads and they would not allow them to be kept in a ward, or, even, in a private room with him. An ambulance could be had in ten minutes and he had little time for their disposition. I knew he would not trust Ethel with them. I told the doctor I could take care of him. I had had experience along this line, while over across, in the World War. So arrangements were made for me to take the case. I told the doctor it would be well to have the telephone moved in from the hall and connections made. This was done. I was delighted with this and soon had made a code which I copied and sent to Van Loon by mail.

Ethel was not allowed out of her room, but was quarantined

with the rest of us. A nurse took care of her. I advised Parkhurst to send the beads to The First National Safety Vaults. But at the last moment he insisted that a bank messenger be sent up in person to get the beads. This of course, was adopting business precautions; and I knew was as it should be and had to accede. However the transposition was not accomplished for two or three days, which allowed ample time for the telephone to be moved, also, for me to get in touch with Van Loon. We easily adopted our new code. But decided we had better not disturb the beads, especially under present circumstances.

Ethel announced, through the closed door, that she had employment just below Harlem. My voice had been trained under "voice culture" so that I was able to adopt a falsetto voice when conversing with Parkhurst which helped to conceal my tone identity. Indeed, I was well enmasqued.

My real purpose in staying with Parkhurst while he was sick was to gain as much information as possible concerning the beads. In order to do this I gave the doctor directions to get me a pair of plated beads, at two or three dollars. This he did, and I proceeded to display them before Parkhurst, boastfully, with the intended purpose of getting him to talk about the other ones. I succeeded. He told me of a set of beads he had that were valued at \$100,000. I asked him how he came by them. He said they had been left to his stepfather, who in turn gave them to his (Parkhurst's) mother. I, of course appeared credulous and never attempted to question the verity of his statements. I asked him what he intended doing with them and he said that a man by the name of Mason had shadowed him for four months, and was trying to rob him.

He said, "I may have to ship them to England for the time being, but after I have succeeded in throwing him off the track I shall take them back to Vermont, unless my wife wants to wear them."

Parkhurst's convalescence was at an end; the quarantine was lifted and I was preparing to leave the house and, of course, was going home.

Stepping up to him, I said, "Parkhurst you don't seem to

know who I am, my name—is—Edgar—Mason. I thought he was going to faint; I jumped and got him some brandy.

He revived and said: "There really had been something strikingly familiar about you that I could not understand. I have not liked you! But I will admit that you are clever at this game. And after foistering yourself upon me in this way I have a mind to kick you out of the room to pay for it!"

"I did not expect you would appreciate what I was doing for you!" I replied. "You are as ungrateful as you are wicked at heart. I have had the opportunity to put you away, with the dope that was left with me to give you. But I have taken the best of care of you and have done everything I could for your comfort and to promote the interests of your case."

"Let the past be the past!" was his reply; "hereafter, you leave me and my wife alone and don't try to meddle with those beads. Any further provocation by you and I will shoot you as I would a dog!"

I had adroitly delayed getting the bank-messenger or sending the beads to the vault. As I was to leave the room the messenger and Parkhurst's mother appeared at the door and demanded the beads. She came in and talked with her son for a few minutes, then taking the beads left with the messenger.

I remarked to Parkhurst that I wanted to call on the 'phone in regard to some stocks. Adopting the "code" I told Van Loon what had recently transpired and said: "Now it is up to you to see what *you* can do!" Knowing it was now too late to intercept Mrs. Mason in her trip with the beads, I subconsciously resigned all responsibility for them to my new ally, Frank Van Loon. I did not care to have the beads so thrown into the limelight. Neither did I care to gain the publicity and notoriety which I knew would accrue to me from such a wide advertisement of their fame and value. I had much rather the world at large would not know of them. For did I not want infinitely to be on my guard and lookout to protect them!

I sauntered over to the subway entrance and took a train for down-Town. Not seeing anyone around the bank I went inside and asked to see the messenger, calling him by name. He soon appeared. "Do you know," he broke out, "Mrs.

Mason did not take those beads to the bank at all. When we reached 42nd St. she went out of the car with the beads so quickly that I did not have time even to ask what she was going to do." As I looked at him sharply, he continued, "But of course, the bank, cannot assume any responsibility for them, as we had not legally accepted them, nor had I taken real possession of them at any time."

I was really glad she had not deposited, or left them in the bank; for, now it seemed there were better possibilities of my detecting and reclaiming my beads. Then I went over immediately to Van Loon's home to hunt him up; but Frank and my dog were gone. I left a note saying I had been to see him, but would call him up later. I added the beads have again disappeared. Then started out for the subway. I was premeditating and walking slowly. As I was about to enter, my dog, Spot, came rushing up to me. He sat down and I could not persuade him to move. In a few minutes Van Loon came.

He said, "What had we best do?" I told him I was headed for The Grand Central. He acquiesced in my plan and we took a train over. On second thought I told him we would go up to V— S— in the Catskills and wait for a clew to grow up.

On reaching the depot I untied Spot from the leash and let him go. He nosed about the waiting room, then out into the train shed. He soon returned whining. I re-tied him to the leash. He tugged and we followed. When he reached the platform at track No.— he led me to the farther end of the platform and sat down.

"Frank," I said, "this dog must be a setter; when he reaches his quarry, or reaches the end of the rope, so to speak, he sits down. We both laughed. But as all trains left for the North there was nothing to be gained by this turn for a clue.

However we went into the Catskills and got off there. I told Van Loon to wait at the railroad depot while I ran over to the "works" to see what I could find. I soon came back and took Frank up to the hotel where we concluded to stay that night.

At about 11 o'clock I heard a little unordinary stir down stairs. I dressed to investigate. Hearing someone announce that lunch was ready, I rushed down to the office to learn what

room or suite, the new guest would occupy. Satisfied with my inquiry I told the proprietor we had decided to occupy separate rooms. So engaged one adjoining the new comers. Hurrying up stairs, I entered their prospective rooms with my skeleton key, raised the window and then sitting on the sill removed the putty and glass from a square with a heavy knife. Then going into my next room I did the same with my window. For the rest of the time I remained very quiet.

Soon after I had removed the window panes the two guests entered their room. When I heard their voices my suspicions were confirmed. It was Parkhurst and Ethel. They had registered in another name. Parkhurst and his wife began talking, although not in loud tones. But I could hear them quite distinctly through the open window lights. I heard Parkhurst say that he was glad to have one night's rest, without having to worry about those beads. He said, "I am glad they are in the vault where Mason can't get hold of them for a while any way."

"But," Ethel ventured, "why didn't your mother make another call on you before she left for Vermont?" "So she has gone to Vermont!" I reflected. Hearing nothing more of importance, that had a bearing on the case, I left the room and went to stay with Van Loon.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN I BECAME SUPERINTENDENT OF A
VERMONT LUMBER CAMP.

I awoke Van Loon early the next morning to take a train back to New York; and from there we, or I, must go to Vermont. After I had told him of my plans he decided to go with me. We also took Spot with us.

We landed at a sizable town and secured a jitney to take us into the mountains where I knew Parkhurst and his mother had maintained a camp, or bungalow, for several years. Before we left the town, however, we had bought a lumberman's outfit, complete.

I knew the country pretty well and located a sawmill, with its camps, at once. Frank and I hired out as "swamper's" helpers. Our work was to be cutting, preparing and opening up ragged, rough roads for the teams and their loads. Snow had fallen to a depth of several inches and was well packed down, which acted as a stay to the runners of the bob-sleds, that were used to get the logs to more accessible spots, or, perhaps, haul thru to the mill, if it were a "short haul." Then too, the snow filled and packed down in the small hollows, or depressions in the ground, and thus acted as a cushion, as well as a pillow, for the sleds to slide upon. Then the roads would become "levelled" and hardened and frozen, like a toboggan slide. This provided "fine slipping," or sledding as it was optionally styled by the woodsmen.

Van Loon and I worked hard the first day and turned in early that night, as we were unusually tired and fatigued. The bed slips or, "ticks," so called, were filled with straw from the barn and served as mattresses on which to lie. On first entering the bed the straw was puffed up like cushions and before it became packed and hardened, one was pretty apt to be sound asleep. Some coarse, heavy blankets were provided by the company, or operator, but more were brought in from the sta-

bles. The smell of these gave the impression that I was sleeping in a horse-barn, instead of a lumberman's loft. But I was yet to get used to all such things.

At four the next morning the camp was astir, with the clanking of heavy boots and spurs, or creepers; the half-uttered, muffled curse, as some unfortunate was tugging at his still-wet moccasins; the slamming of doors below; the rattle of the big cooking range and griddles; the jingle of pots, kettles and pans; the whistling of the numerous chore-boys with their taunts and derisions as he heckled back at the cook, who was storming and yelling at the top of his voice. None of this was inductive to sleep and at five everybody was up.

I was yet obsessed with the dreams and visions of the night before. I was glad I was here. It seemed that I had found my elements. Father had been engaged in lumbering on a not inextensive scale during my younger days and I had been in the woods a great deal with him, assisting, and working at the game. Possessed of the real instinct and craftsmanship of the woodsman, I had learned and grasped the first principles, together with the more intricate and varied problems with which the woodsman had to meet from day to day, and was able to fell a tree against its leaning, or inclination; bolster and build up a roadway on a precipice; make a hundred-and-one hitches with a log-chain, or roll a log up over a stump with the aid of a team. All in all, I could use my scientific training as a basis for estimates and plans; and then carry on my work by reason of my experience and real knowledge of its practical side.

After breakfast on my first morning at the camp, I approached the manager, or boss, telling him I wanted a real position of responsibility. He looked at me and said, "come into my office." He continued, "who are you, anyway."

I told him who I was and about my father.

He replied, "I knew your father well; and have heard of you. Now, young man, could you handle 300 men in a job of this kind? Some of the men, of course, are arbitrary and inclined to be recalcitrant. It is not an easy bunch to handle. My present foreman is drunk and sick half of the time, from drinking this "hootch" that is peddled here by the barrel every day. I have been waiting for someone to come along, that seemed to be fitted for the job, so I could give this foreman

his time, or let him take his axe and go to work, which he probably would not do, however." Turning around, he continued, "I am a director and president of one of the largest paper-mills in the world. My headquarters are at Holyoke; also have an office and storehouse in New York. This is only boy's play for me; but I like it and stay here all of the time I can afford to spare—and probably more.

He concluded: "Young man you are in line for a good position!"

My head was heavy, but my heart was light and I started in to untangle some of the problems that had piled up on the desk by the inefficiency of his former foreman. Mr. Daniels, my boss, told me he would be around for another week to get me acquainted with his system before he went away.

A majority of the men had not left the camp for their day's work. Hurrying up to the "boarding-house," or the mess-hall, I intercepted Van Loon just as he was leaving. I told him the news.

He stood for two minutes and looked at me then sat down on a bench, evidently studying. At last he said, "What about the beads? You seem to have forgotten all about them, while so intoxicated with the prospects of your new position! It looks to me as if I would have to do the chasing of clues now and recover the beads, if they are recovered at all. Even where you and I have both failed I must now redouble my efforts and succeed alone!"

I told him I thought I could carry on my detective work just the same and perhaps, could use this office as a blind in many respects to further these interests. Telling him that I had plans to put him in charge of work before long, I then went back to the office to plan.

I knew that Van Loon had had considerable experience in the woods during his younger days; and doubtless would make a good assistant, besides being of valuable aid in case physical help or protection were needed. Accordingly, I sent a man out to bring him back. He came to me and I made the appointment.

Mr. Daniels then said: "Complaints have been made to me recently, by abutting land-owners, that "cuttings" have been made over the "line," by my men, on the South Lot that's

next to Johnson's. You had better go out and straighten things out while I attend to things here to-day."

I got the Company-Engineer and Surveyor, and had him make a sketch from our big map; then, taking two extra woodsmen of experience we went over to the "Lot." I had the two extra woodsmen cut brush as we "ran the line"; then the other three assisted me in making estimates for the probable damages sustained by Mr. Johnson through the illegal cutting. While we were there Mr. Johnson came along a wood road and I showed him my figures. He said they were satisfactory. I told him I would submit it to the boss for his "O. K." when I reached the office.

On returning I told my boss what I had done. He read the report and said, "What did I send you out there for?" I replied, "To adjust the claim." "Then," he said, "Write him a letter of apology and send it to him with a cheque for the amount you estimated."

On taking over the charge from Mr. Daniels, I saw that I had about 300 men at work for me. In changing the help about the camp, I noticed that the "roster" included the engineers, fireman, three blacksmiths, two sawyers, four scalers for measuring lumber, two yard foremen,—one for taking care of incoming logs and one for sticking up lumber; the surveyor, three time-keepers, or paymasters, two book-keepers, six cooks and several other men about the camp, mill and yard. The remainder of the help were apportioned among the choppers, swampers, teamsters and truckmen, besides helpers for loading and doing other odd jobs.

The buildings were pretty well nestled together, at one end of the mill-yard, while the blacksmith-shop, the stables, hay barn and other small buildings of this nature were below the saw-mill. In the first list of buildings were three large dormitories or bunk-houses, the lower floors were used for eating, or feeding the workmen; while above were rows of beds on either side, arranged so closely together that it barely gave room to step between. One of these buildings was used by the officers and foremen, engineers, surveyors and so on. These buildings all ended up together so as to form a sort of an angle, or court, the big kitchen being on the first floor and was arranged so as to serve all three. The office stood in this clump

of buildings, next to the millyard and afforded a good view of the immediate "works."

I mounted a platform by the side of the door and took a panoramic view of the whole. This was certainly a man-sized job! But with a fair knowledge of the business, gathered from helping my father in the various phases, I felt equal to its requirements.

Van Loon was my right-hand man and with his woods craftsmanship and past experience, I was able to turn to him for counsel and, many times, a solution that gave me no further worry or trouble.

By a brief study of our map, or chart, I was able to make a summary of the different jobs, or places of operation where the men were engaged. Transcribing to my notebook what data and information I needed, I began to familiarize myself with the scenes of activity at the various places; the nature of the work in hand; the geography or character of the spot and the lay of the land, with especial reference to its objective point; i. e., the saw mill.

The lot was twelve miles long, by two miles wide, roughly speaking, and contained 15,000 acres of land. It had been decided that we could clean up the lot from this one base of operations at a less cost than by moving around. Gasoline trucks aided materially in moving the logs, and lumber, too, to their points of destination. We had 15 trucks and about 50 teams, mostly oxen, at work. A public highway threaded its way up through the basin and by the mill where we were located. The mill was so situated that our roads radiated from it in every direction to the woods; and they, in turn, provided a down-hill haul for most of the logs.

A week had passed. Mr. Daniels now considered that my comprehension of the business in general was sufficiently good to warrant my taking over the complete charge. He left for Michigan, where he owned and operated another big mill, even larger than this one.

One piece of work in particular had brought a great deal of strain and worry to my boss and had caused no little amount of trouble and misfortune for the workmen and all connected therewith. A "cut" of valuable ash trees, of about 100,000 ft. was the source of it all. The "cut" lay upon a "shelf" or

precipice, of ledges that was practically inaccessible for a team. However, Mr. Daniels directed the cutting and then sent a pair of small, light stags to haul it down through a narrow, deep cut in the ledges, with a bob sled. Thus far it was the steepest hill on our entire job that we had tried to negotiate. At two different times the loads had pushed and crowded the oxen off their feet until they were powerless, to hold, or handle, the load; then jamming them into the ledges, or rocks at the foot of the gorge, killing the oxen and drivers, too.

The last Saturday before Mr. Daniels' departure, was his final attempt to get the ash to the mill to be prepared for market. We had started to ascend to the scene of "cutting" to do some "checking up," when I heard a team and load coming from above and witnessed one of the worst accidents in the woods I ever saw. The driver was in front of his oxen, striking and whoaing at them, at the same time running partially backwards to keep out of their way. There was no question! the load had overcome the strength of the oxen, had jammed and pushed them off their feet and was coming toward us at a terrific speed. The driver, by this time was nowhere to be seen. The gorge was narrow and I saw but one chance to take to possibly save our lives. That was to depend on a rise, or swell, in the road, directly above us, trusting it might divert the course of the load to one side and also whip the tail-end of the logs around to one side, sufficiently to escape us, as we stood penned up by the sides of the cut!- But there was no time to deliberate! say less, time to move!

The onslaught was upon us! We hugged the walls and awaited our fate. A jumbled mass of bellowing oxen, rocks, sled and scattering logs went tearing by like an avalanche from the Alps Mountains. The small tip end of one of the logs grazed Mr. Daniels, knocking him about twenty feet. But he was not seriously hurt. I helped him to his feet; then we looked below us. The load lay, or was scattered, in an ignominious mass of beef, sleds and broken, splintered logs. There was little to salvage. Even the newly-killed meat of the oxen was torn and ground into shreds and I did not attempt to save any of it. The body of the driver rolled to our feet, as it was loosened from the dragging ends of the logs.

Turning to me, Mr. Daniels stammered out: Mr. Mason we

will leave the rest of that ash on the precipice as a monument to one grand failure."

But now that Mr. Daniels had left me in charge I determined to get the rest of that lumber and would thereby probably save him \$5,000 by its recovery.

I scanned the rocks and precipice until I found a sort of a niche or depression in its jagged cliff, then detailed a squad of men to build a V-shaped spout out of lever-wood poles, five or six inches in diameter. This was properly stayed and supported at intervals. The poles were held in place, if needed, by a special lag-bolt underneath, that the blacksmith made for me. In a week's time the chute was ready for use. Then we gave it its first trial. It worked well, but I was disappointed in the results, as the logs came through the chute at such a high rate of speed that they were broken and splintered when they struck the rocks below. So I had to extend the spout, also diminish the grade, thereby. The new landing-place was nearly nevel and the dirt cushion saved the logs from destruction. And I soon had the logs in the mill yard at an extra cost of \$508, by accounts, and was greatly pleased with the work and results of my undertaking. Bent on knowing what my scheme would amount to in profits, I kept a separate account of that lot of ash and found that I had saved or made for Mr. Daniels \$8,460, by my venture, this after including the original cutting with other expenses and losses, in getting the ash to the mill.

Now that Mr. Daniels had gone and left me in charge with full responsibility, I was determined to make the mill turn out every net dollar possible and make as good a showing as it would have under his own management. I was not only very much interested, but I was zealous and intense in my purpose to make good.

The air was cold and bracing. It was about the first of December. The gusts of cold, biting wind, filtering through the sweet-laden boughs of the spruce and hemlock trees; the creaking and moaning of the tall, but bushy-top, birches, as they twisted in the wind; the increasing depth of snow almost from day to day; and its playing about with the wind, finally to land in some huge and deep drifts; the zero weather and even much colder,—all these elements help to convince the itinerant

that the Vermont winters are all, and even more, than they are claimed to be. But I was satisfied; to be sure, the air was cold, but it was dry and bracing and healthful; and I was getting three wholesome meals every day; warm blankets to crawl under at night; and a wealth of fun and enjoyment from my rough but jovial companions. I was young and full of the red blood of life. I was intoxicated, not with the warm, balmy breezes of a Savannah, laden with the sweet-smelling favors of its flower gardens, but with the life of a Vermont lumber camp, teeming and pulsing with the activities of its very essence—the “lumber jack”; without which the camp would be prosaic, its nights dull and lonesome, its table still for the want of rough wit and repartee; and its out doors a mere grave-yard of lumber piles! Better that it was this way! I liked it.

One morning complaint was made to me that a good deal of “rough-housing” had been going on the night before and that some meek, or less belligerent, of the crew had been subjected to unprincipled practices and methods by the others. I knew that Bedlam had reigned in the camp, that night; and was aware of much noise and disturbance until nearly morning. Bootleggers were rampant and doubtless much liquor was being used.

The next night I directed all the bosses to go to their respective sections and sleep there nights for a week. I further directed them to detect every bootlegger if possible, and note every man that made a disturbance or started any trouble. Then give the offender a slip of paper, signed by the foreman and with explicit directions to report at the office next morning. As a result about 20 men came to my office and handed me the piece of paper. I discharged every one of them without even a hearing. After that peace and quiet reigned in camp, save for an occasional argument or dispute, which, I knew was due to arise in the regular course of events.

Not fully satisfied with what I was getting out of camp-life I decided to join the “boys” in their quarters, and accordingly moved my bunk over into one of their bunk-lofts. I gave no reason for the change. Sufficient was the evidence.

After supper the men, or “boys,” would gather around one of the fellow’s cot and play cards. Cards was *the game*. Mostly poker; although some played euchre and some ruhme. It was

apparent that some would gather together to shake dice. But a chance at "stakes" was what the men wanted. They were usually peaceful, but not always quiet. As the rule is among all congregations of men: some were more vociferous than others; and I noticed every gathering had its leader. I could not see that any one nationality was more strongly represented at this tribunal of the fittest than any other. While in many other things the Irish seemed to take the lead.

Some of the quiet, more sedate fellows would dry their socks out by the big box-stove, changing them from first one side to the other, while holding in their hands; then would write letters home and go to bed early. Others would sit about and tell stories; while others more practical-minded would talk over the incidents and results of the day's work and the prospects and the problems for the day to come. In every camp you are likely to find the religious fellow, who reads his Bible for an hour or more at night. I like that type of man. He is usually intelligent, honest, dependable and a good worker. He never makes trouble for anyone.

With the other amusements and diversions you might hear the squeaky tones of the fiddle and sometimes the staccato notes of the second-fiddle. Perhaps an accordion would strike up, or the harmonica would wheeze away at some familiar strains--But the real music is yet to begin! Wait until the lamps and lanterns are extinguished or turned down low! First, Pete starts in with a low, but well-sustained and modulated air; then the Italian joins with a short, jerky tenor that makes you think he is breathing his last; next, a Swede breaks in with a sharp contralto that almost persuades you to throw the stove-poker at him, but you can't find the poker; then the short-necked Frenchman will emit a few guttural notes that convinces you he is trying out his alto. But the real blood-curdling, hair-raising offering is yet to come from behind the stove, where Dan, the big Irishman, lying flat on his back, will belch forth in deep, resonant tones, his basso at every forth beat of the concert! I have lain awake and laughed, after the others were asleep, to hear these nocturnal noises that the prowling cat or night-owl could never simulate or equal. They say "snoring is good for the lungs;" after my first night's sleep

in the bunk-house, I knew why my men were such good ox-teamsters!

My dog, Spot, was having the time of his life. Every day he would bring in from three to six big jack-rabbits and lay them at the kitchen door, yet warm and quivering. They were fat and sleek; and fried or fricaseed made a most delicious dish of meat. One of the cooks kept me supplied with these tempting, appetizing dishes. I enjoyed them even better than chicken.

One day, Spot did not show up at noon; something unusual. I could hear him barking quite a distance from the camp. Frank volunteered to go to see what was the trouble. He came back shortly and reported that Spot had a large "bob cat," or bay lynx, up a tree. I took my 40-72 Winchester and went to his assistance. I located the lynx on a small limb in the tree. I shot; cutting off the limb and the cat fell to the ground about 40 feet. Spot pounced upon him and for a half minute the air was full of dog, cat, fur, hair, yells, howls and blood. Then the lynx started for the tree, after a momentary let-up; but Spot made two leaps and caught the cat again, this time by the back of the neck. Two or three good shakes and Mr. Lynx was dead. But poor Spot was literally cut to pieces by scratches and bites. Frank took him up in his arms and carried him to camp, where I put him under the veterinary's care for a week. The cat measured four feet and eight inches and weighed 36 pounds. I sent the skin to a taxidermist to be cured; and then used it for a mat on the floor in my room. Spot never liked it.

But Spot's real, big day was yet to come. And this was it: It was the last of March; the sun was getting high and days were beginning to warm up. Woodchucks had been seen sitting at the mouth of their holes, basking in the sun, but ready to dive in out of sight at the first alarm. Crows were flying about in flocks, hollering and mocking the men as they were teaming their loads to the mill.

One day at, about 11:30 a young Swede came running to the camp hatless and out of breath. He could only say that a bear was after him. At last I got the story out of him. It seems that the Swede, Steve, was up by the ledges, felling and cutting trees. He stepped up to a big, beech stub to cut it

away for a skidding-place. He stuck four or five blows when a large black bear emerged from a big hollow place in the lower side of the stub, and, turning toward Steve, started for him. Although in his sudden fright, he probably never stopped to see what the bear was doing. But that there was a bear out for a possible skirmish and eventual capture was all I wanted to know! I loved the excitement and the sport. Taking my Winchester, Frank and Spot, I made for the bear. We found him. He sat in a big, open crotch to a tree eating buds off from a yellow-birch sapling that grew up close by. As we approached he climbed down evidently with the intention of getting into the ledges. I really wanted to give Spot his chance at the sport so hesitated to shoot. I told him to go. He ran up to the bear, growled and made a pass for him. The bear cuifed him and Spot rolled over a couple of times. This was his first lesson. But as my dog approached him the next time, I saw something that I never witnessed before. He seemed to roll the flesh and skin up in large heavy ridges over his shoulders and his hair was standing, or pointing, right straight ahead. I then decided that Spot was really angry. Then the bear began to edge toward the ledges. The dog gave a leap and landed partly on the bear's back. The bear grabbed him with his paw and tore the dog away; but Spot got in a good one this time, for he fastened his jaws into the bear's cheek and lip and only let go by virtually tearing away. The bear was a sight! One side of his face was torn and hanging. I could then detect a note of triumph in Spot's bark, as it would end in a little whine. They were now separate. The bear turned and started for the ledges. The dog again landed on his back and set his teeth into the bear's neck. The bear reared and threw himself backwards and then rolled over. This broke the hold. They both came up standing. The bear then lunged toward the dog and made three hard cuffs, but the dog was not there. Again the bear started for the ledges and again Spot landed on the back of his shoulders, sinking his teeth into the back of his neck. This time the bear capitulated. They rolled and tore around for two or three minutes, when at last the bear grabbed the dog's fore-leg in his mouth. I thought I could hear bones crunching. But at the same time Spot set his fangs into the bear's throat. That was all. It was soon over.

Frank again carried Spot to the camp, where our veterinarian had the dog's leg in splints for a month. But he recovered. I had the bear's skin tanned and spread it on the floor. Spot would sit by it, and, looking up to me, would wag his tail, if he could catch my eye. But that was as much as I could understand.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN I RESCUED ETHEL FROM A LOG PILE.

I had my book-keepers make out a weekly report in detail, of our operations which I filed in the safe, sending a copy to Mr. Daniels. Mr. Daniels did not come to see me until Spring. He was not at all reluctant with remarks of ecnomium and praise for the good work I had done. The books showed a good profit and the business was in a prosperous condition. But little did I realize that eventually I was to become one of the lumber kings of the East.

It was the last of April. Warm weather was now coming. The snow had nearly disappeared and the breezes were growing soft and balmy; the pungent, but pleasant, fragrance of the buds and shooting leaves from the deep woods was now and then wafted to our nostrils. The spring freshets, caused by the fast melting snow, abetted by the April showers, had done their damage. And a force of men had been at work nearly two weeks repairing and building new roadways that had been gullied out by the washing brooks and, even small streams, that had become cascades by the avalance of melting snows.

I was over by the furthest corner of the lot to look at a lot of spruce that seemed unavailable for our immediate use, especially considering the engineering difficulties in transporting it to our mill, when I stopped at a well-known spring to get a drink of water. As I knelt and pushed away a bunch of leaves, my hand came in contact with something that led me to investigate at once. I picked it up and looked at it. It—was—my—axe! I had not seen it since I was in New York last fall. "Why isn't it rusted?" I thought; "probably has been here all winter. But no; it was bright and clean." There was no reason for my staying here to deliberate and nothing to be gained by it, so I replaced the axe, leaving one of the men to hide and watch the new find. Later I detailed two more suitable fellows to relieve the first one, thus making

eight-hour shifts for each one.

I returned to camp and told Frank about my discovery. He made little comment, but remarked that he wished we had time to dig up some clues and follow them out.

That evening Mr. Daniels called me to one side for a "little talk." "Orders have fallen off and business is slack. Tomorrow I want you to send the help to these mills (indicating on a piece of paper.) leaving about fifteen here to do out a little custom sawing. Instead of giving you and Frank an enforced vacation for the summer I will keep you here on full pay to help me out, although I shall be here most of the time, myself. There will not be much for either of you to do. But you have proven yourself to be such a valuable man that I do not want to lose you. I shall need you both next fall and winter.

I was elated with his appreciation and also, the opportunity I would have for tending to my own affairs and interests. I told Frank and he gave one long whoop that echoed from hill to hill. I told my boss I had three men stationed on a certain piece of work for me. He replied, "Use them whenever you want them, and at other times put them to work in the mill; but draw their cheques from my office."

Two or three days after I had stationed my spies, the last one on duty came to camp, and reported that the axe was again missing. None of the men had seen or heard anything that might indicate the presence of anyone prowling about the spring of water. "That axe is certainly a mystery in itself!" I thought. "How could it disappear, when being watched, and what had become of it?"

The 25th of May was a beautiful, warm day. I was looking over my trunk of things and slipped a small handkerchief-case into my pocket, thinking I might not be so lonesome with something to look at now and then, and that would revive old memories.

After dinner I went out something like a mile from camp to look at a clump of spruce to be cut for dimension-lumber. Spot was with me. Sitting down on a stump to rest, I noticed it had been hewn down on one side in a peculiar manner. "Any nicks? Yes; there were three scratches in the grain of the wood." I looked on the other side of the stump and there

lay my axe! I stuck it in the stump. Spot was whining. I do not know why, but I took the handkerchief-case from my pocket and put it under the dog's nose. The cover was open and one of Ethel's handkerchiefs lay there folded neatly. I had preparedly snapped the leash, which I took from my pocket, into the ring on Spot's collar. He tugged at the hitch and I followed him. He did not wait to go around the wood-road, but started over stumps, logs and brush and tree-tops. I held the dog, thinking I could hear a woman's voice crying. But all was still. Then I let the dog have his way.

After getting pretty well scratched up by limbs and brush, we came out into a clearing, where I saw a pile of spruce logs that the former foreman had left. An elongated, shapeless mass of clothing lay on one side of the pile. As I drew nearer I saw it possessed the form and appearance of a woman. And not until I attempted to lift her up did I recognize the form of the one woman that I—yes—loved, Ethel! I was frightened and nearly frantic. Her foot was caught in between some logs, the weight of three or four being on top of it. "Was she alive? I was not sure!"

Immediately, I seized a long, heavy skid and thrusting it in between the logs for a good hold, I lifted every ounce I possibly could. Her foot was free; but how was I to pull her away, when it was apparent that first the logs must be lifted away, and held up at the same time that I was extricating the body. Then I changed my position and got within reaching-distance of her, as I made the attempt to lift the logs. I don't know how I ever lifted the load as I had shortened up my hold on the skid, thereby losing advantage and leverage on the lift. With one supreme effort I *did* lift the logs and put the lever on my shoulder: then tugged until I got her body free.

Ethel was unconscious, I decided, and I had to wait nearly five minutes before I could get my strength back to go over to a little brook and bring some water in my hat. She revived and after a little told me her story.

She said: "I started to gather some spruce gum, when I became lost. But, now and then, I would catch a glimpse of a man at a distance. I would come out somewhere. I was hurrying and gained on him. At one time I thought I could hear him chopping; I wanted to see more clearly what was going on,

so climbed up on a pile of logs and that is the last I remember."

I said, "the logs must have knocked you over, for there is a large bunch on your head." Then I asked "Do you know who was the man ahead of you?"

"No," she replied.

"Do you know where Mr. Parkhurst is today?" I continued.

"No," she answered. He left this morning saying he was going to B—ville."

By putting my load down, so as to get my breath and a little rest, now and then, I managed to carry Ethel to camp. We decided the ankle was not broken, only bruised and badly hurt; however, I went to town and got a doctor. He reduced the injury and gave the patient much relief. The next morning she was able to walk and insisted on walking home, but, as the doctor told her to keep off from her feet, for a week, I, of course objected. Then improvising a soft bed, with a small load of straw, in an express wagon, with a thick layer of blankets, I was able to get her home comfortable. She had helped me to locate her home with the aid of our map, so I had no trouble in finding the house. On arriving, I took her up and carried her inside. Parkhurst was standing in the door.

As I turned to go out he met me and said, do you expect to reach home alive? At the same time shoving a revolver into my face. Inadvertently, I had left my Colt's at home. Although I would have had little use for it right now. But I knew my man. I began to parry words with him, of course, for the purpose of gaining time. He began to heckle back in a threatening manner. I saw he was in a very quarrelsome mood. That suited me, too. I said "don't you want the rest of those beads to put on the original string?" at the same time putting my left hand to my pocket. On doing so I turned my body a little to the left; and with a quick motion knocked his gun across the room with my right hand.

But he still had the advantage. Before I could recover from my swinging, he grabbed me with both arms and threw me violently to the floor. I rolled over on to my face, getting up on to my knees soon regained my feet. Parkhurst was riding on my back; with both arms around my neck. He was nearly choking the breath out of me. But I reached behind me and got hold of one leg. I soon broke his hold and, turning

seized him by the throat. I tightened my hold. His eyes began to bulge, his tongue came out full length and his face was growing dark.

Hearing a voice, I turned to look into a 6-shooter held in Ethel's hand. "Release your hold immediately!" She commanded. I let go and she stepped between us. She continued.

"This is my lawful husband, and you would murder him before my eyes! You would bring upon yourself now everlasting condemnation for a ghastly murder committed in my sight!—Would you?—And his blood to lay on your hands? And you would bring upon me the shame and disgrace of a despised life, with its social ostracism that is a living death,—would you? You would take the life of my husband into your hands for its final disposition?—would you? Your God and my God and his God is the sole keeper of that life. When he is ready to meet with that soul he will call for it. You have no right to hasten or to aid its departure from this world,—under any circumstances."

"But," I remonstrated, "I just saved your life only yesterday, possibly, from a terrible death; and why should you hold a gun on me the next day?"

"I am very well aware of the fact that you saved my life," she answered, "And I am glad you did, else I would not be here now. If you had killed my husband, they would have hung you and I would have died of a broken heart! Three souls ushered into God's presence unbidden! What could be more terrible than that?"

"But what about the beads," I retorted. "Is it right for him to keep them?"

"If the beads are yours," she replied, you should regain them, but in an honorable way. No crime justifies murder, or even the commission of another to atone for the original crime.

"But he held his gun on me and was going to shoot," I pleaded.

"I did not see that," she replied, calmly, "and besides you would have had no chance under the law; you were in *his house*."

She continued, "The beads are probably in this house now; but you are not adopting the proper methods to get them, pro-

viding they are yours, as you say they are. If you have any brains, use them. Good bye!"

I went out to the wagon and started back to camp. In following the road I had to make a detour of two miles around a sort of promontory of woods. When I got back on the other road to a spot opposite of Parkhurst's, I was within one-half mile of his house, through the woods, across-lots.

It was pitch dark by this time. The road extended up a ravine, beside of a good sized brook. All at once I was startled by the sharp crack of a rifle. The horse lurched and fell and I nearly pitched headlong from the wagon. I jumped to the ground and got hold of the horse's bridle. He was lying on his side, kicking and gurgling. I then knew he was dying. Before I could straighten up a man's body came against me with the force of a catapult. I grappled with him, but the momentum of his body carried us both against a side log to the road, which, I remembered, overhung a deep trout hole in the brook, some 15 feet below. I stumbled, staggered and braced as I wrestled with my unseen adversary. From the very beginning my opponent had the "strangle hold" on me, but did not seem to know how to use it with effectiveness. I could not break his hold, nor could I get any good hold myself. In this manner we wrestled and thrashed over the road for fully five minutes. At last our feet struck the fateful side log again and we both plunged into space and darkness. Of course, this fall broke our hold and I landed in the water feet first, the numbness first caused was relieved by being immersed in the water, together, with the action of splashing water on my face and head must have revived any insensibilities that I, otherwise, would have experienced; and thus relieved me of intense pain and agony that I might have felt.

My hand touched a root by the side of the "hole" and seizing it, I remained quiet for a few minutes. Soon, I heard a splashing and evident change in the current of the stream, at the outlet of the hole, as some probable body partially blocked its flow. "Could it be that this man was drowning and had washed down-stream?" I thought.

I went down a short distance and then climbed up into the road. The horse had fallen at one side of the road, and out of

the way of possible traffic, so I left my wreck and started home.

I reached camp at three that morning. My clothing was now dry. I went to bed in my private room.

When I arose I sent two men and a horse to get and bury the dead animal left in the road and then bring the wagon and harness back.

I then held a consultation with Van Loon and we decided that nothing would be gained by crowding the case, so concluded to let it rest for a time. I knew that Parkhurst's ultimate purpose was to wipe out the question of the real ownership of the beads, claim them as his own and then give them to his wife to wear. Not that I objected to Ethel's wearing them, but it must not be under these circumstances or by the hand of Parkhurst, therefore, it was not likely that Parkhurst would dispose of the beads unless driven to the last ditch. And I did not propose to do this until I was pretty sure I could get absolute possession of the gems.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN I CAUGHT MY BIG TROUT.

The fishing season was open the 1st of May, but little angling had been done in our vicinity, owing to the deep snow and icy waters. Fishing is my middle name; and I was out on the streams, with other boys a good deal of the time. It was considered to be nothing unusual to come home from a two-hours' pastime with fifteen or twenty of the speckled beauties. But it was not long before the "boys" about the camp had the brooks pretty well rifled of the elusive game, so that a good "catch" nearby became a thing of the past.

I planned on a trip over to a swamp at the North-west corner of our wood-lot. I had made observations of this low, swampy land, while out surveying for timber-cuttings; and its deep, silently-running stream, threading its way through the heavy, black soil gave every evidence of the lurking trout. When I reached home that night I stuck three tacks of different colors onto the map at this spot.

I took Frank with me. We had to go out the road that led to Parkhurst's house, until we reached the border-line, then turned to the right and went about three miles further on. We took along, bacon, biscuits, butter, salt, sugar and coffee, with a spider, coffee-pot, two cups and knives and forks, planning to stay two or three nights. We also had a couple of blankets, but no rifles, only revolvers. We left "Spot" at home.

We pitched our camp, but as we were tired from our journey, did not do much fishing that day. Frank went out and caught four "dandies" to fry for our supper. I could not resist the temptation to survey the brook a little before dark, however, and found a long, deep, swirling hole that looked as if it might yield its share of tempting beauties.

We rolled up and had a good night's rest.

In the morning we built our fire, then held a private meeting to see what kind of meat we should have for breakfast. We voted eight times and every time it was "trout." We dug some

fresh worms and started. I told Frank to come with me, we went to the deep hole I had noted the night before. As we approached it, I said to Frank, "let me show you how to catch a big "trout!" I did. I crept cautiously to the upper end of the hole and dropped my hook with a good big bait, into the current. The hook and sinew drifted down to the lower end of the hole, when,—“Zip!”—something nearly yanked the rod from my hand. At the same instant a ponderous body began splashing the water, as if a paddle-wheel were in motion. I was not yet convinced whether a big trout had struck my hook or some land-lubber, from the banks above, had jumped to seize the bait! Then the thing dived and went to the extreme lower end of the hole where it entered shallow water and threshed about some stone and rocks. I kept my line taut and was playing with him carefully. Soon he (or she) took another dive for the deepest part. I pressed my thumb on the automatic reel and took up the slack line. Then the thing came to the upper part of the hole and went under the bank. Then all was quiet. I pulled carefully at my line. It kept giving a little. I took up the slack as fast as it appeared.

At last!—could I believe my eyes? The trout—for *it was a trout* came to the surface of the hole beneath me. It was fully two and a half feet long. I turned to see where Frank was. He stood, with his coat and hat off, looking at the trout.

“What shall I do?” he asked frantically.

“Keep cool!” I rejoined.

“You will lose him!” he again ventured.

“I expect to” I replied. But I noticed that I was getting my “nerve” back, and was not as excited as I expected to be.

The trout began fighting again and I could only “play him” on a taut line.

Frank moved to the edge of the bank beside of me. I grabbed him with my free arm. “What are you going to do?” I asked.

“Get that trout!” he stammered.

“Not that way!” I cautioned. “Should you give him a sudden fright he would certainly break away. I know of no other way than to play with him and tucker him out.”

Then Frank cooled off and grew calm. He went cautiously down by the lower end of the hole and, entering the water

began to wade slowly toward the trout. He waded until the water reached his neck then stopped. I said, "when I get Mr. Trout tuckered I will let him float down where you can get hold of him."

Frank retreated to a place where the water reached his waist-line, then remained motionless, with his arms in readiness. I played my trout for a few minutes longer, until the fight in him was about gone. Then let him drift in the current to Frank. As Frank grabbed him the trout gave one final, supreme struggle. But Frank got his hands into the trout's gills and that finished the capture.

Frank had a pair of scales that would weigh seven pounds and then something would catch in the mechanism. So we could not tell what the trout did weigh.

We caught eight more good-sized trout then we went and had breakfast.

Frank and I would fish down the brook to a place where the other had begun fishing, then slip by and fish on until we found signs of the other one's fishing. We would thus alternately fish and pass by each other.

Suddenly I heard a noise behind me and turned to see Spot standing there with a piece of print, or calico apron in his mouth. Frank had just passed me so I hollered to him. He came back. We had a council to determine what to do. We knew this meant trouble somewhere.

In a short time Spot began to whine and act uneasy. I tied a leash to his collar. I had found one in my pocket. And the dog began to tug at my holding. I then told Frank I was going with the dog; and to come to my assistance if he heard two revolver shots, closely together. Frank said, "Do you know where this brook comes out?"

"I must admit," I replied, "that I never looked it up."

"It comes out nearly by Parkhurst's house; and as the dog is inclined to follow the brook down you might better be careful what you run into," he warned.

Spot started down the wood-road, which followed the brook in a general direction. Near the border-line was a building, which had evidently been used as a sugar house. Here was a sugar-orchard of nice maples, on our land, however, and the sap buckets were still hanging on the trees! indicating that

sugaring had recently been in progress. Another case of reprisal and adjustment in hand, but this time it should be in our favor! I knew well enough that the infringement and the trespassing could be laid to no one but Parkhurst. We were within one mile of his house, now, and no other buildings or families within ten miles of here.

The dog wanted to go to the sugar house. The door was nailed and everything seemed to be closed. But Spot was insistent on staying by the door, where he would whine and take on. At last I got a heavy stick of wood and battered down the door. What a spectacle met my eyes!

There was Ethel sitting on a bench, cold and shivering, and not a particle of blood in her face. I could not speak a word for a full minute; then said: "Why didn't you cry out to me?" "I did not dare to," she answered faintly, "I am afraid of the gang. They and Parkhurst nailed me in here night before last, because I would not tell where I had put the beads. They said it would be starvation for me if I did not tell.

"Did you not know that Parkhurst is at the head of one of the biggest gangs of thieves, robbers, bootleggers and even murderers, in Vermont?" she asked. "Now I am going back to the house and I want you to go back to your camp as quickly as you can. It is impossible to tell when one of the gang might bob up anywhere in these woods. They may be spying on you this minute!

"But I cannot permit you to go back to your house if this is your situation!" I protested.

"But I must go! and I shall go!" she persisted. "I am his lawful wife and I have a special work yet to do."

"I cannot understand you! Ethel, and will you explain to me just what you mean? Why your actions and attitude toward me! I have not had a good chance to talk with you before."

"I have nothing to explain now," she replied: this is the third time I have told you to use your brains if you have any! I am very grateful to you for letting me out. You probably saved my life by doing so. Good bye!" And she was gone.

Ethel must not go back to that house alone to be ill-treated by that gang of men! I could not allow it! I started after her.

I did not stop to rap at the door, but entered to find five

men sitting there with Parkhurst. They were all heavily armed. I then lied: "Mr. Daniels is looking for a nurse to take care of one of his men who is at the point of death. He has heard of Mrs. Parkhurst and wants to know if she could come and take the case for a few days. Is she here and could she be persuaded to come for a few days?"

"Mrs. Parkhurst is in her room now, but cannot be seen at the present." Parkhurst answered, quickly. "She has duties of her own to attend to."

My eyes were carelessly searching the room. Then, I parried; "Would it be possible to take the man here where she could care for him, providing he is able to be moved? "Nothing doing!" interjected one of the other men. "Five of us have taken this for our headquarters, by contract, and don't want any interference from outsiders." I knew he lied, too.

"By the way," I hung on, "do you know who has been using Mr. Chandler's maples for sugaring purposes?" I was still talking to Parkhurst. "Evidence goes a long way toward conviction sometimes; and if you could give a little information, you would save someone a vast amount of trouble. If I catch the trespasser he will pay a smart sum to settle, too." "I looked at the men around me. Their looks had soured and I felt something like an electric shock creep over my nerves.

"What do you mean by coming in here and accusing us?" Parkhurst asked.

"I did not accuse anyone," I answered, "but if the coat fits you, why then put it on." Unacquainted with my hostile companions I was bent on securing an admission from my belligerent host. I knew well enough that Parkhurst was the trespasser, but I was seeking to gain a point through his breaking down in its narrative. I did not gain much.

Then I continued: "The driving of big spikes in these maples to hold the sap-buckets is liable to result in some of them breaking off; then if the big saw strikes one that may mean the breaking and ruining of the saw. If we butt all of the logs that will mean the loss of the best part of the tree; and will probably total a good deal for the whole cut. Any way you figure it Mr. Daniels will sustain a considerable loss by this.

"Now I am sent over as his Envoy-Plenipotentiary to have matters adjusted. And, if the matter cannot be settled with

ciently smart and cunning to get me first you may have the beads, but see that the axe is buried with me. For if I die in the next six months it will be fighting for both! Shake on that! "He did.

Then I said, "Parkhurst, I did not see nor hear from your wife during our conversation. Is she in the house?"

"That is *my* business to know," he retorted.

Instantly a door opened and Ethel appeared, she said; Mr. Mason, I am Mr. Parkhurst's lawful wife and may remain so for sometime yet. If you have any brains use them!" I could not yet tell what kind of a construction to put in those words. I never could understand women,—much less this one! She withdrew and closed the door.

Frank and I started back for our fishing-camp. It was dark when we reached there. We fried some more trout for supper. I told him of the different incidents that happened before he appeared at Parkhurst's. Frank said: "I knew you would get into trouble when you started out; so I followed along soon after."

After breakfast the next morning, we went a-fishing again and both caught a handsome string of trout,—so many, in fact, that we filled a two-handled basket, which we took between us when we started home.

CHAPTER XII.

MY BOXING LESSON

A Week had elapsed, when one day I received a letter which read thus:

Mr. Edgar Mason,

My dear Sir:

I am a promoter and manager of "Kid Wallop," the Baltimore Boxer. Your name has been mentioned and thrust before me many times, within the past few months, as belonging to a man of unusual prowess and fistic ability in the squared ring. My ward, or client, "Kid Wallop," so called, is colored, twenty-three years of age and will weigh 242 pounds at the ringside, or stakes will be forfeited. His height is six feet four inches and has a reach of 82 inches. Any other figures or information concerning my client will be available at my office, through correspondence. (I understand your height is six-feet-one inch and your weight 238 pounds. Is that correct?)

Therefore, I hereby issue to you a challenge to meet said "Kid Wallop" for a boxing contest, at 10 p. m., July 3, 19—, to be held in the B—Boxing School Rooms, B—, Vermont for a purse of \$1,000, four-ounce gloves to be used, said purse, or its equivalent, to be produced before the fight will proceed. Said contest to be conducted under the Queensbury Rules, each contestant to be allowed five seconds; and a Referee to be chosen at the ringside by popular vote. Said fight to be of a duration of twenty-five rounds, unless a finish, or draw, is previously declared.

(Signed) Tom Garlock.

P. S. In case an adversary fails to make a formidable showing as an opponent to Prof. "Kid Wallop," an entrance fee of \$25.00 is charged each contestant, to defray expenses of the

bout; and this to apply on a course of twenty lessons, to be given later by Prof. "Kid Wallop."

No spectators allowed, only members of the Club.—T. G."

I leaned back in my chair and laughed. Then handing the letter to Van Loon, I remarked, "I would be quite a "set-up," wouldn't I?"

"More of a 'frame-up!' " he rejoined, and started toward the stove.

"What are you going to do?" I intercepted.

"Burn the thing! of course."

"Not on your life!" I protested. I am going to accept his challenge and you are to be one of my Seconds. "Spot" can be the other one," I laughed.

"If I ever attend that bout it will be to witness the most foolhardy episode that you have yet attempted!" he snapped back.

I sat down immediately and answered the letter, of course, accepting the challenge to a fight. I stated that I was enclosing \$25.00 the required fee and hoped to be able to continue the course in instructions, provided I was spared in the bout.

I sent for my boxing paraphernalia, but had to buy partly new "stuff." I soon had Van Loon training with me and discovered that he was "no mean slouch" with his mits. With his wonderful physique he was also able to withstand a pretty severe drubbing and I received all the exercise and training, seemingly necessary for the coming fight.

As the near-time approached, I took Frank and Spot and started for the "big fight." I had purposely cut three strands in Spot's leash and then concealed the place with a paste, or glue.

We reached Garlock's "office," so called. He told us the club-rooms were not available and quarters, or accommodations, had been secured at a nearby farmer's barn. So to the barn we adjourned.

I saw at once that the fittings and equipment had been hurriedly improvised and bore the marks of an amateurish hand.

We entered the ring, the floor of which had been covered with a little saw-dust. "Where is your other Second?" asked Garlock,

"This is all I could get." I replied.

"We can't have the dog in the ring," protested Garlock.

Handing him the leash, I said, "You may tie him to that post, if you will."

My colored opponent was certainly as formidable a giant, in appearance, as any boxer would care to meet. He was lithe and agile on foot and his muscles stood out heavy and bulging at the same time quivering and sinewy. I felt that I had met my match right here.

The gong sounded and we approached each other from opposite corners. I expected an onslaught at the beginning. Instead, he danced, around me and kept me turning to follow his eye. Then he would stop and feint and jump back out of my reach. Just before the "bell," Frank said, "Most time!" I knew what he meant (by previous arrangements). Then I jumped and gave the negro a hard, stiff jab in the mouth with my left. The bell sounded and he went to his corner with a big grin on his face.

The gong sounded for Round 2. The negro rushed me and struck a hard, overhand blow for my face, I threw up my guard in time to save my face, but the deflected blow struck me on the forehead and I staggered under it. At the same time the "Kid" crossed with his left, coming in for my chin; but I covered and blocked and so stemmed the blow, at the same time countering with a short jab to his nose. It bled profusely. We parried for the rest of the round with no results. But just before the bell he gave me a clean hard upper-cut that landed me clear over the ropes. The bell rang and I lay there for a half-minute, to get my breath. When I took the chair in my corner it was amid jeers and hoots and cat-calls from the opposite side. I sensed my discomfiture keenly. Frank cuffed me soundly on the side of the head twice and said, "I've got to get you mad! You're going to get licked the next round, unless you brace up and do something!"

I realized that my foe was as formidable as he looked to be; and I would have to get in some telling blows before long or he would tire me out.

Round 3.

We both leaped for the center of the ring. I fainted and

then drove a hard right to his mouth. He staggered clear across the ring, but came back instantly with that big grin. I then gave him a good jab in the ribs with my left and crossed with my right again hitting him in the mouth; and again he staggered across the ring. The bell rang. I was covered with blood from the negro; and so was he.

As I sat in my corner, Frank bent over me and said, "Don't you know that you can pound him on the face and head all day and it won't amount to anything? Hit him over the heart!"

Round 4.

Trying to heed Frank's advice, I gave him a sledge-hammer blow, but it landed under the heart, instead. He jack-knifed his body, thrusting his head and shoulders forward when I landed. This gave me time to recover from my swing; and, throwing all of my weight behind my next blow, I again landed full in the mouth. He went down so quickly that I really did not see him fall; he went over backward, his head striking on the barn planking, the report of which sounded like the blow from an axe. He rebounded and came back like a rubber ball. We sparred for a half minute before the bell.

As we took our corners I bent my head and began to plan. Van Loon stooped over me and began to talk. I said, "Keep still! I am studying." And I did study! My thoughts ran thusly: "If I could place a few hard blows on his neck, likely I would not find so many thick, hard bones. My hands were already aching from the blows I had dealt out.

As I was studying, the gong for the fifth round sounded, and I jumped for the middle of the ring. The "Kid" was there, too. Then I came in with my inimical left, for which I had a long time been famous, and gave him three sharp blows on his already sore mouth, nearly as quickly as you would say "Rat-a-tat." This I did three or four times in succession. This, also, had a tendency to throw his head back, thus exposing his neck. That pleased me. I then swung with my left for the pit of his stomach. That sort of doubled him up a little and I then planted the blow I had been waiting for. It was a right swing to the neck. The "Kid" went into a heap on the floor and took the count of eight before he attempted to rise. When

he came to his feet, he at once clinched me and rather low, too. Then he reached up and crossed his right arm under my chin. My breathing stopped. But with a free leg, or foot, I started to pound him on the shins with the back of my heel.

He let out an unmerciful howl and his Seconds (Parkhurst was one of them) came to the rescue. Parkhurst stepped up and grabbed hold of me. I whirled and struck him with the palm of my hand. He nearly went down. He gave no more interference then. But the Referee got us parted just as the bell rang.

The Sixth and Final Round.

The negro came into the ring carrying his head slightly at the right. I knew I had at last hurt him and it was, probably, aching intensely. I was none the worse for my grilling.

I again began tatooing him on the mouth with my pernicious left. He spit continuously and made a few sallies for my face and head, but did not connect. Then getting his head back at a pretty good angle, I mustered all the strength and power I seemed to possess and threw it into one supreme blow. It landed, a right swing on his windpipe. He did not go over, at that; but simply sank, or collapsed, into a heap. The Referee loitered over and, at last began to count very slowly! It was no use! The negro did not respond. I sat down in my chair and waited. The Referee did not even recognize me as the victor. The men began picking up things, evidently preparing to leave the barn. Van Loon was still sitting with both of his guns lying across his lap. Mine were in my coat pocket.

"Well! Mr. Garlock what are you going to do with that stake money?" asked Van Loon.

Garlock replied, rather succinctly. "The fight is off; the Referee did not declare either man a winner and the stakes will go to defray expenses of the bout."

"Not while I'm alive!" was Frank's reply; at the same time tossing one of his guns to me. Parkhurst then proposed that every man lay his guns on an over-turned barrel. This we acceded to. By this time the negro was on his feet.

Frank said: "Now it is man to man!" We "sailed" into them. The first thing, Frank knocked the negro across the barn-floor

and he did not attempt to get up, either! I was not a little chagrined at that! My first man was Parkhurst; and he followed suit to the negro. We each then took another man, when I happened to spy one of the gangsters, that I had met at Parkhurst's house, picked up a gun and level it at Van Loon. I yelled "Frank!" But something else happened then. Spot jumped to the end of his leash, which, of course, broke and he landed on the gunman's back. The weight of the dog threw the man to the floor. The man emitted one scream which I knew was all that he ever would do!

I then covered two men with my gun while Frank grabbed Garlock by his two hands and threw him over his head. I heard something snap; then felt sick at heart. I remembered how Van Loon once threatened me on our first meeting!

Soon Frank walked over to the barrel, picked out our guns, and coming to me handed me an envelope marked \$1050. I opened it. It was all there.

As we started to leave the barn, Frank said, "The first man that tries to make any more trouble for us, will have me to settle with!"

We did not attempt to return to camp that night, but went to a hotel. The next morning we hired a car and drove back to camp.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BALL GAME.

The 9-hour day was the adopted schedule of time for all workmen and help in Mr. Daniels' employ. Then during the summer months the help set their watches ahead one hour, so as to virtually get through work at 4 P. M. Mr. Daniels did not object to this change for working hours. The object of this transition in the hours of work was to give the "boys" extra time at the end of the long, summer days for recreation and sports,—especially ball-playing.

Most of our crew at work were young fellows and their numbers recently had been augmented by the taking on of five young men from the Wisconsin School of Metallurgy, that Mr. Daniels had put to work on a drift, or shaft, in a mica ledge and that had long-since been opened up. They were all good ball-players. Our team was built up around the nucleus of a strictly local battery, however. I had been a pitcher in my college days and therefore took the box. Frank Van Loon had been a catcher of considerable reputation in the Pacific Coast League, so was put at the receiving-end for our new team. Several games had been played with nearby towns and clubs and we were at the head of the championship list for this section of the State.

About two weeks after our recent fight, I received a letter from the "Dawson Dablers," so styled, asking for a game in the near future. Arrangements were made and the date fixed for one Saturday afternoon in August.

The "Dawson Dablers" were composed of a gang of men that had been imported mostly from Alaska, some of which, had quite a time since, also, been at college. They were employed by Parkhurst, experimenting and assaying ore in a gold drift on his land, adjoining ours. The "Dablers" were reinforced by four of the gangsters from Parkhurst's own immediate crew; and were noted for their deceptive plays and even obnoxious methods employed. They were addicted to

scraps and fights and, all in all, carried a bad reputation. Time was at hand for the game.

It was a hot, sultry afternoon, such as wears on one's nerves and makes some men peevish and irritable. The ball game was called on the Base Ball Benefit Association of B—grounds. The diamond was skinned of its turf and looked to be "fast," which it also proved to be.

As the game opened we went to bat. The listless and loose playing of our opponents had permitted two of our men to get on bases, while two were out. Van Loon then came to bat. The count stood two strikes and no balls. The next pitch was intentionally a very high one. Frank struck high over his shoulders and the ball sailed away. The two men came in and Frank made a home run. Then they changed pitchers.

In the last half of the inning I went to the box. I had noticed that as the center fielder "came in," crossing the pitcher's box, he had dropped some small stones in the box. As I entered to pitch I cuffed the stones away with my foot; some were as large as an egg. The first two men I passed; and then Parkhurst came to bat. He knocked an easy roller nearly to the box at one side. I jumped and grabbed the ball and threw swiftly to first base. But as I made the throw I stepped on one of the stones that had been maliciously dropped by the center fielder. This threw me off my balance, or poise, and the ball went wide, rolling nearly to the right fielder. He grabbed the ball and threw it home, but also, it went high and wide, consequently all three men scoring. The score now stood 3 to 3, with one inning played. After that both sides "tightened up" and very few errors were charged to either.

In the third inning I came to bat. The scoring had not been changed by either team. No one was on base. I selected a short bat and waited for a close ball. I got it; and lined it in the direction of the right fielder. He reached for it but it ricocheted off from his hand and kept on going. He immediately made three leaps and struck just outside of the base-line. As I went down the first-base line I saw that the ball went fully fifteen feet inside for a fair ball. The outfielder umpire ran to this section of the grounds. The fielder stood

just outside of the line, with one arm extended into the air. This umpire had been selected from the Parkhurst camps. He glanced down toward the fielder and yelled, "Foul Ball!"

I at once saw the trick that prompted the decision and, of course, protested. But the umpire was immobile and so we had to acquiesce in the verdict. I knew the hit was labelled for an easy home run and was keenly disappointed.

My arm was getting tired and I asked Van Loon to change positions with me for one inning. We changed. When Parkhurst next came to bat he made as if to swing at a wide ball that was out of his reach. As he swung the bat back for the pretended strike, he also stepped back himself, with the intention, as I well knew, of hitting me across my pitching-arm with his bat. Instead, the club hit me flatly on the chest, but did not happen to hurt at all. I was so angered that I struck him immediately with my fist. He went to the ground. I looked up expecting to see a calvacade of B— men coming toward me. But not a man moved. I then noticed Van Loon standing in the box, playing with a revolver. I told Frank he had better put up the gun, which he did. Parkhurst was out, anyway, so my little act of hostility did not intercept this phase of the game.

We entered the eighth inning with the score still tied, three all. It had begun to rain and we all had agreed that this should be the last and deciding inning. We were batting. Three men were running bases and I was up. One new run had just been made. I saw a beautiful ball coming and struck for all there was in me. The ball sailed clear over the center-fielder's head for an easy home run. I trotted around the bases, with the three men ahead of me scoring. The Dablers Team at once came in for a conference with the umpire. After two or three minutes the umpire stepped out and hollered: "Batter back to the plate!"

Immediately Van Loon jumped onto the diamond and yelled, "Who goes back to the plate?"

"Your last batter," replied the umpire. We were playing for a gold-headed cane with a base ball engraved on the head.

Van Loon stepped over to the Referee, or Judge, and quickly took the cane from his hands: "The game is over and we win the cane! You have forfeited the game two or three times

already, by our agreement before the playing started. Now if anyone thinks they can get this cane, why, just let them try! The score now stands 8 to 3 in our favor."

"But the umpire says a ball over the centerfield fence is good for only two bases," the man insisted.

"There was never such a rule or ground rule in existence," I yelled, so all could hear me, "And you can't make ground rules, or any other rules to apply retroactively. Such a feature has never been mentioned before this."

I saw trouble was imminent among the spectators. It was evident that feeling and hatred were rife; and especially among the Parkhurst following, which was not inconsiderable.

I scented trouble at once; and slipping back where Spot lay I took the leash off and put it in my pocket; then told the dog to "lie down and stay here." I knew he would obey unless a real rumpus started.

When I again reached the focus of activities, Van Loon was surrounded by six or eight ball players, mostly hostile, and a bunch of the "gangsters" were coming over from the spectator's stand. I whistled softly. Spot came to me and sat down. No one seemed to notice him, especially, amidst this confusion of loud talking.

Van Loon was now talking and said, "The fence was not mentioned when the ground rules were made.

One of the gangsters broke out testily, "You're a liar!" That was sufficient. Frank sprang for the man that framed the phrase like a wild man, that he now really was. He struck the fellow between the eyes and he went down in an insensible heap. I knew Frank would need me for physical, as well as moral, support and many more equally as good, or even better, than I. I turned to our "boys" and said "come on!"

We used only our fists but "cleaned out" six or eight of the leaders. Then one of the gangsters picked up a ball bat and raised it above Van Loon preparing to strike him on the head. I said "Spot!" The next instant I saw one hundred and forty-five pounds of bone, sinew, muscle, grit and temper, all combined with magnetic speed, shoot through the air. Something caught the man by the throat. He went to the ground; struggled a moment, gasped and then lay still! No one struck at

the dog or molested him. They knew it was better not to.

This ended our trouble and the game. Everyone seemed to have business of his own, at once, too. We took the cane and our belongings and went home.

Despite the cares, worries, and responsibility we felt for the beads, even though they were not in our possession, and other cares, too. Frank and I were really enjoying our quasi-vacation. Visitors were not infrequent, but included lumber dealers, manufacturers looking for special stock and the occasional peddler.

One day a Russian rug peddler came along at night and got permission from me to stay over. When Spot entered the room, a little later, he rushed over to the peddler, reared up into his lap and began to lick his face. The stranger spoke brokenly, but said, "I raised this dog when a puppy in Petrograd, Russia. He comes of extremely valuable stock and you can get probably \$50,000 for him, if you will ship him back to one of the houses of nobility. If you don't believe me, look in his mouth and see if you don't find one of his back teeth crowned with gold." I called the dog over and looked in his mouth; the gold tooth was there. "Now," he said, "as further proof, I will call the dog by the name he first knew and you observe what he does." He then said, "Spitz!" The dog was at his side in one leap and climbed up into his lap.

He continued, "the dog was trained and could do numerous tricks. Some of which were rolling a barrel up a grade, while riding it; standing on his head; looking into the stove to see if the fire were out; whining if it were out and barking if it were burning well. He always went to the Post Office to get the mail. He used to go to stores with a piece of paper and bring back groceries and other things. He would go to the butcher's shop and bring home raw meat and deliver it as safely as any one could.

"A year ago he was stolen and has not been heard of since." He then proceeded to prove some of the claims for the dog by demonstration. He showed several tricks with him that he had not mentioned.

After he had concluded his little circus, he said, "The dog was once used as a bear dog and later the police department borrowed him to use in hunting down criminals. He is now

five years old. He is a Siberian Bloodhound and is related to the Wolf, with a strain of bull dog."

I told him how the dog had been worth \$50,000, many times, to me, already, and that I valued him very highly and I intended to keep him.

The next day Van Loon came to me and said, "Edgar, there is one trip in Vermont that you and I must take during summer weather. In delightful drives, scenic beauty and general interest it is unsurpassed! We should take the trip before the fishing season is closed, too. For charming, winding, elusive little trout brooks, I know of no other place like Plymouth, Vt.

"Nectar must trickle down from Elysian meadows to feed such wonderful streams?" I subjoined, in the interrogatory way, with which I was becoming imbued, from my Vermont associations. "You would think so," he continued, with sustained emotions, "if you could see the water dance and sparkle as the sunlight streams through the hectoring, bobbing branches of the birch and poplar, to give them vivid, though periodic, illumination!"

This was too much for me; I could not endure his oratical flights into the sublime. I felt the magnetic spell imparted by his flow of eloquence and wondered how long this source of intoxication would last. But he kept on: "The place that I am trying to picture to you is Plymouth! The place is not only vested with all of the attributes I have told you, but with many, vastly, more. It is also the birth-place of some of our leading men of the country. Our president was born there. His name begins with one of the first three letters of the alphabet,—Aaron Burr, Bryan or Coleridge—I do not recall—

"Coolidge," I assisted, amused at his historical fund of political lore—

"John Gary Cool—"

"John Calvin Coolidge," I again corrected. "John Gary Sargent is the Attorney General for the United States."

"Well, what is Herbe Moore?"

"Nothing in particular," I replied. "I know he is a good fellow."

"Then of course, he holds down some political job," he

answered rather succinctly. "I remember of hearing him convalescing on a West—"

—"Campaigning out on a Western trip," he accepted. "I liked his accent very much; it made me think of the bass solo on my banjo."

"But did you know," I continued, "that Plymouth is my birth-place?"

He looked up quickly and asked. "How do you make that out?"

"Because it happens to be a fact that I was born there," I snapped back. He sallied out: "What great things did you ever do to make yourself famous?"

"Nothing," I admitted; "with me, a birth-right is a misfortune. I happen to be one of the dark spots on Vermont's fair escutcheon—The Green Mountain State."

"So you are a 'Green Mountainer'? and—"

"To what color did you compare him?" We both looked up. It was a low, sweet voice that had rather timidly interposed, at this juncture. "He might look green, at that; but don't you think he will ripen off measurably well when he gets his growth," she laughed. She was looking at Van Loon.

"Ethel Parkhurst!!" was all I could say.

"You left out my middle name, 'Kingsley'," she rejoined. "You know I intend to make use of it, even yet!"

I turned to Frank: "Mr. Van Loon, would you please leave the room? This is my client and we have some banking affairs to attend to," I lied.

"Now, Ethel," I said, "is there anything new or serious that brings you here?"

"How serious my report is will depend on how you take it. It all concerns you. Parkhurst has again disposed of the beads, or, rather, sent them away. He thinks I have been watching them too closely, I imagine. He said, 'another party could keep them and take care of them and he (Parkhurst) would be relieved of a great deal of worry and annoyance'."

"Have you any idea where he sent them," I asked.

"Not the slightest. Evidently he has taken one of those men you saw at the 'Boxing Match' into his confidence; for I saw the man going to the Express Office with the beads, or, rather, a boy was carrying the package beside of him."

"Who is that man?"

"Garlock," she answered.

"I thought he was in the hospital?"

"He was," she replied, "but he is now out with both arms in a sling. They were broken somehow at the 'fight'."

"Did you see that fight?" I questioned.

"I was secreted in the grain-room and saw it all," she answered. "You gave a pretty good account of yourself. And that Frank Van Loon is a darling! He is worth his weight in gold! And, by the way, why did you send him from this room? How did you know but what I came to see him?"

Her hair was ravishingly golden and fluffy; and I knew her dark, dreamy eyes were searching and reading every thought of mine, past and present; her chin quivering as if she wanted to cry and could not help it! And her form, a rival of Venus, but unlike the statue I had seen, was warm, soft, pliant and responsive even to the touch of the finger tips! I wanted to take her in my arms and squeeze—yes crush—her! until she would scream to the gods of Idolatry for help!

I shook myself. "Was I awake or dying, or just dreaming?" She, also, shook me gently: "Are you having a bad spell with your heart?" she asked.

"I am not sure that I have a heart at all!" I replied. "Ever since I got my dog I have been subject to these spells. I think they are contagious. I wish one would come over you just so I could see what you would do!"

"How do you know but what I have had them? and perhaps have a slight attack now?" she asked sympathetically.

Then I knew for a certainty that she could read my thoughts. "May I ask a question of you?" I stammered.

"Ask anything you like, only remember that I am a married woman," she answered, very demurely. "And while I am the wife of Earle Parkhurst nothing can lift the veil that separates us from the rest of the world. My views of a wedded life are very orthodox; and believe these vows should be held inviolate until separated by law or death. In fact, I do not really believe in divorce, excepting in very rare cases."

"You have partially answered my question already," I remarked: "So you intend to continue living with him?"

"That is a question I cannot answer. Yes; I will tell you, but not to be repeated: I do not intend to live always with him. But this is none of your affairs now. And under the present conditions I want you to remember always that I am a married woman. My name, my pride, my sense of honor come before other things."

"Then if you are so insistent on moralizing, what about the ownership of the beads?—do you think it is right that your husband should keep them?"

She sat up straight and said: "I know that the beads are yours; and you know that I know. I have told you several times to 'use your brains if you have any'! but I begin to think you haven't any!" She continued, "Do you think I am going to steal those beads to restore to you and thereby commit another theft? Do you think I am going to kill him to get him out of the way and get the beads for you and thereby commit a murder? Do you think I would do his housework, get his meals, do his mending and attend to all the ministerial duties of a housewife, and at the same time be planning, and scheming and devising methods and ways to cheat, beat and outwit him,—perhaps, sitting together at the same fireplace, with our feet on the same hearthstone? This is not my conception of the maxim, or promise, 'love, trust and obey'!"

"But if I should tell you that I have loved you since I first met you, or knew you; that I will be ever miserable without you; and that you will be miserable and unhappy, too, the rest of your days, drilling out the remainder of your life with a man I know you must despise, just for the sake of a vague, shadowy ideal that is going to compel you to live a dual life,—then, what will you say?—what will you say to the love I had to confess, though it caused me pain?"

I waited for her answer.

She said, "Your argument helps me to see things clearly. But I cannot change my mind. I am a woman. And you know that sometimes 'our weakness is our strength'. And if I fail to be wholly convinced by your logic, it is because there is an Unseen Force tugging at my heart-strings, bidding me do as I feel, *not* as I comprehend. You know, this is woman's way. —Now I am going to tell you something that I did not intend to when we began our talk:—First, I am glad you love me;

and I do not want to throw water on to a fire that I may need later. Good-by!"

I looked; and then looked again, but she was gone!

I then went down to the mill to see the sawyer in regard to getting out a special bill of lumber; and from there up into the yard to give the foreman a copy of the list to aid him in selecting the logs for the special "bill."

Suddenly I heard a woman scream upon the road that I knew Ethel would have to take to go back to Parkhurst's house. Three long, sustained screams. I pretty well knew what it meant and started up the road. About a half-mile up the road I heard the rustling of feet in the leaves, sometimes breaking twigs and dry limbs. By my manœuvres I got a spruce tree placed between me and the noise; then crept up cautiously to a point of vantage for observation.

There was the villain that had previously drawn a gun on both Frank and me and had also raised a ball-bat over Frank's head! He was muttering to himself: "Where did you go to so quickly to get out of my sight? If I ever find you you'll not get out of my sight so easily next time! From my point of a slight elevation I could see Ethel crouched behind a small bush, evidently in hiding. She was now out of the man's line of perspective.

Soon the man discovered her hiding place, however, and started for the girl. In trying to get away she tripped over a bough in the leaves and struck on her face. I was at the man's heels. He stooped to grab her and I dealt him a blow behind the ear that sent him sprawling on the ground. I then bent over Ethel to aid her to her feet and we had just assumed an upright position when something struck me on the head and I knew no more.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHILE BOUND HAND AND FOOT I WAS
DISCOVERED BY A BEAR.

I opened my eyes. My hands and arms ached and I was choking. "Then why not pull that thing away from my mouth? But I couldn't. My hands were tied behind me. My feet were tied together and my mouth was cramed full of cloth, I should think, by the feeling and sense of smell." I was now fully sensible and the past flashed across my brain vividly. I was something of a contortionist and had been on the stage before now in that capacity, but, of course, as an amateur. I easily twisted around and got my hands into the side pocket of my trousers, where I got hold of my pocket knife, and pulled it out. "What was that?—I could hear voices. Yes; then could hear a high pitched voice that rang through the woods as clear as a bell, though not loudly. It was Ethel's." The transitory tendency of the sounds led me to believe that they were rapidly moving along a road-way, or path, where there were no obstructions to their passing. I judged they were about one-half mile distant. The wood's acoustics were wonderful.

Tug and work as best I could, I was unable to pull the knife-blade from its handle. I had only one finger and a thumb free to use; the others were bound in by the thongs. Below me I could see a crevice or opening between two ledges, lying adjacent to each other. If I could only get down there, then secure, or wedge, the knife in the crack I might be able to extricate the blade with my free thumb and finger. I could also use the same methods to secure the handle and, with the blade extended, I could back up to my newly-contrived instrument and, perhaps, saw off my bandages. The process was clear to me now; and I was all hopes!

I started to roll carefully down the sharp grade to my objective point. But a slight bluff, with a drop of nearly four feet, lay between me and the ledges. It was nearly dark and I must hurry! I tried to carefully negotiate the four foot drop,

but soon lost control of my unwieldy body and over I went. I remember that my head struck something hard; and that was all.

It was raining on my face and I woke up. My head was aching excruciatingly and by moving it a little I could feel a big, sore lump on the back. Listen! Something was walking in the leaves. I kept still. It came toward me. Soon I felt a hot, steaming breath on my face and then a cold, wet nose touched it.

I let forth a piercing scream just as long as my lungs were capable of expansion. The thing emitted a snarl and growl that made my blood curdle and cuffing me in the face soundly, jumped away. I then knew it was a bear. I had thought that I was incapable of fright, but here I was bound hand and foot with an avowed enemy standing, or sitting, back a few feet probably, whetting his appetite awaiting his pleasure to taste of this delicious morsel of meat! Perhaps he was hesitating so as to decide what kind of meat I was before he devoured me. I almost smiled as I thought of the cowardly part the bear had seemingly assumed before such a defenceless victim as I was.

The rain had stopped; the moon had come out brightly. I turned my head and looked. There sat Mr. Bruin, about twenty feet away. I could see by his form in the moonlight that he was of formidable proportions. I still held my knife clasped in my tethered hand. But it was not available for use as I had not yet been able to get it opened.

This suspense was awful! and I was almost glad when the bear began to move, although he might be reconnoitering for a new attack upon me! But he came down, smelled of me, walked around my body and then crossed, stepping on my legs. I again yelled; and again the bear jumped, tearing and cutting my leg and trousers as he sprang from me. Mr. Bear then sat down, as usual, facing me. Perhaps he was studying, whether I would be the best eaten as sirloin-rare, or, pickled in leaves, so as to be available when mutton was scarce. I then knew the bear could not be very hungry, as a number of the farmer's sheep, in the adjoining pastures, had lately disappeared; and with the bear tracks in evidence to show the cause of the depredations.

I was suffering intense pain and aching all over. The moon had disappeared and the darkness, just before dawn, grew blacker than ever. The bear came to me and began to smell. I began to realize that my time was short and the end was not far off! Cold sweat began to gather in little pools on my forehead, until they would break from the over-supply and run down my face and neck.

The bear had smelled the blood on my leg and had licked it clean, going around on my other side, to repeat operations. The strenuous massage his tongue had given to the wound was drawing the blood to the surface again by a peculiar suction applied by the tongue.

Anyone would naturally think that I would have been frantic by this time; but I was not. On the other hand, I was rather inclined to be contented. I tried to think of the past, but I could not fasten my thoughts to anything definite; then tried to think of the future and the things that I knew should appertain to it. No use; I could not hold my mind to any one thing. Notwithstanding, everything seemed to be all right!

But I was brought back to my senses at last by the bear's setting his teeth into my flesh. I had heard the barking of a dog, not very distant, as it seemed, however, to my benumbed senses. But, as I remember, something then happened. I have the vague recollection of a large, hairy body, nearly as full as the bear, bounding out of the woods into this little clearing with a man's body right behind: I caught a glimpse of that hairy body jumping on the bear, heard a rifle shot and that was all.

The next I realized two things were rubbing my feet and legs. Then one of those things dropped something into my mouth. It was brandy. I looked; it was Ethel. The other thing kept on rubbing my legs. I looked down. It was Frank. I was aware of another thing sitting on the ground nearby wagging its tail. I looked to make sure. That thing was Spot. Then I noticed a large, bulky mass lying on the ground, even as I happened to be. That thing was a bear. My mind was clearing up and I began to sense excruciating pain. More brandy was administered and I relapsed into a peaceful sleep.

When I awoke Frank was trying to lift me. Ethel had hold

of my head. Frank then suggested getting a wagon for me to ride to camp in. I objected, saying I could walk in a few minutes. Which I did, with Frank's assistance.

The next morning we procured a car to carry us to Plymouth. Frank became very warm and enthused over his description of the "Clover Hole." He said, "it is situated in a valley called Hale Hollow, from its first resident, Orlin Hale. Its immediate location is on the old 'Cook Place'." As we neared our place of destination he burst out again, "Its picturesqueness, scenic beauty with a cataclysm of roaring, deafening noises, that reverberate and echo from cliff to cliff; with reclining monoliths that now lay in a half-buried state, partly from shale and partly from sand and refuse from a whetstone mill, which ruins stand in the perspective, and adjacent thereto,—the "Clover Hole" will give you a lasting impression of one of Nature's unique, beauty spots!

I rather enjoyed his bursts of deep, melodious oratory at such times as these.

But when he had finished I said: "I probably forgot more last night about this place you are describing than you will ever know. I was born within a quarter of a mile of the 'Clover Hole' and lived the most of my boyhood days in its immediate vicinity.—Yes, it is true!" as he looked at me doubtfully.

We left the car and went down to our small Niagara. But it had been many years since I had been here. The place had changed, while the rocks and ledges appeared as ever, where exposed to view. But the picturesque, wooden dam was washing out; the bridge over the top of the dam had collapsed and gone. The mill was fast deteriorating and wasting away. Perhaps the scene was as unique and wonderful as ever; but not to my mind. I wanted to see the mill, bridge, dam and everything as I had remembered it when a boy!

It was late in the season, but we prepared for our fishing. We caught a few lusty, red-bellied beauties that had evidently washed down from the "Meccawe Trout Reserve." Frank spied a big one that had slunk into a cove, which apparently could not be approached from any point of vantage. The place was fringed with bushes and small trees. But one of those monolithic stones overhung the cove that now must be ex-

On the fourth day of our fishing expeditions we were engaged at West Bridgewater, which is immediately adjacent to Plymouth and many of its retreats. One of our excursions took us down to the "Plymouth Cave," which we then explored. It is not large nor wonderful, but very interesting, especially, because of some of the Indian legends connected therewith. The Plymouth Lime Quarries and kilns were next investigated: and here were samples of an abundance of the best lime the country produced. The "Cave" lay in a nest of these quarries. I concluded that the disadvantage in marketing these products lay in their distance from the railroad, which is about ten miles. The nearest station being Ludlow, on the opposite side from Woodstock.

We made several good trout-catches on our fishing expeditions; and after a general good time, started back for our camp.

In driving back to camp we went past father's house; so I stopped. After a little visit with my father I went up to my room. The first thing I noticed on entering was my axe, lying where I had originally left it, with the other tools!! I was not of a suspicious mind or inclined to be skeptical; nor did I believe in the supernatural; ie, to the extent of accrediting the mystical movements of this axe to the Unseen. My education had given me more sense than that.

I picked up the axe and examined it closely. There were the three distinct nicks and the corner gone, or broken off, by prying open the door from the steel jamb in Savannah, Ga. For I had noticed this at the time when I was there. I replaced the axe, as I always had done before, not wishing to disturb the chain of events that, so far, had seemed to depend entirely upon the presence, or, perhaps, ubiquity of the axe. And, so far, also, my clues all seemed to spring from the axe or thing associated with it.

I then turned to my desk to look over some not-valuable mail that had not been forwarded. Among them was a letter addressed to Mrs. Harriet Mason, which, without doubt, inadvertently had been left there. I was not naturally inquisitive about other people's affairs, but this might have a bearing on my particular case. I opened it. It said that the writer was going to Boston next Monday Morning, and wanted Mrs.

Mason (his mother) to meet him at Fitchburg, at 6 p. m. that evening. I did not need to read any more but hurried down stairs, after I had carefully replaced the letter. I bid father good-by and went out to the car. I told Frank that I was going to Boston that night and that he and Spot were going with me. I charged him to tell no one of our plans. As I was leaving father's house I had taken a lady's handkerchief that lay on the couch and put it under Spot's nose as I entered the car. He growled; as I knew he would.

We went to Rutland; stored our car and left for Boston that night.

On arriving, we went to the A— House and got a suite of three rooms. The next two days I spent with the directory and looking up some of the leading hotels and Safety Deposit Vaults. Then I familiarized myself, as much as I could, with their outside surroundings, different entrances, exits, passageways, offices and so on. There was a telephone in our suite, also.

Monday night I told Frank I was going to the station and I wanted him to stay in the rooms, so as to hear the phone when called, as I would call him later.

I took Spot and went to the depot. This particular train was due at 7:20. I did not dare to stay around the head-gates for fear I might be seen by the party I was looking for. But I found a secluded nook where Spot and I got pretty well ambushed. I waited until the incoming traffic from that train had passed by, then led Spot around the mezzanine floor. Suddenly he stopped and held me back by the leash for two or three minutes. Then he growled and tugged at the hitch. I went with him. He went to the carriage stand and stopped; then sat down. I waited there forty minutes with the dog. A hansom drove up and the driver got out and stood by his vehicle. The dog went up to him and smelled him all over. I pulled him away to meet some other cabbies. He paid no attention to them, but kept pulling to get back to his first quarry.

I then accosted the driver and said: "I had some acquaintances coming into Boston on that 7:20 and believe, by my dog's showing you especial favor that you must have been at

their service recently." I described the parties I was expecting.

He replied, "I am not supposed to disclose on my patrons; but how much money is there in it?"

"Five Dollars," I replied.

"Get in there," he said.

"Not so fast!" I answered. I can't see them now. But here is the money for the information and I may employ you later.

"They are at P— Hotel," he told me; "come around anytime."

Five hours later I went to the P— Hotel and hired a room. I left Spot with Frank. The next morning I went to the Old C— Trust Co.'s office and ensconcing myself leisurely in a big chair called a messenger boy to me. I said, "Are you busy now?"

"Not for the next hour," he replied.

"Will you do an errand for me?" I asked.

"There is no reason why I cannot," he answered.

Then I said, "here are two dollars for your fee. First I want you to go to the P— Hotel and find Mr. Vandretta and tell him you will take his beads to the Old C— Trust Co.'s Vaults for safe keeping. My name is Wilkinson."

I had looked at the register at the P— Hotel and was pretty sure I could detect the handwriting in the name, "Mr. and Mrs. Vandretta." And now there was no question but what Parkhurst would make some break or outburst when the messenger made this very pertinent offer concerning the beads. It was the admission or quasi-evidence that he had them with him was all I expected.

The messenger returned. He came up to me almost angry. "You nearly got me into trouble," he stormed forth. "I told the man I came to get the beads to keep in the vault here, and he said, 'Just like some of that dam Mason's work. My wife is wearing those beads and I think they will be safe enough for a while.' So what else could I do but leave them?"

"You did all I expected you to do. Now if you see either of them again I shall expect you to keep your mouth closed!" I cautioned. "Here's another dollar."

"I will do that," he satisfied me.

Yes, I was now convinced that the beads were here in Boston. Then I began to soliloquize: "So Ethel is wearing my beads! is she? Well, it ought to be an easy matter, now, to recover them."

Little did I realize that this would make it all the more difficult for me. For one reason: I did not, nor could not, understand Ethel! I went to my suite and told Frank; then I began to plan on some way to trick both Parkhurst and Ethel and get my beads.

I went down to the hotel-office and interviewed the clerk. I said, "I expect to be a guest in your house for some little time and would like to get better acquainted with the other guests. Now, may I hire your parlors for the purpose of giving a whist party next Saturday Evening?"

He answered, "for such a purpose as that the rooms will be free to you." Accordingly, I made my plans, then sat down and wrote this little invitation, which I had printed on a multi-graph:

"A party in vogue;

Without monologue.

Why caution the Muses be still?

Whist is the game.

Yours is the name.

Invited to come for a thrill."

I affixed the proper dates and place and had one left in the hotel letter file for each guest in the house. I also had one addressed and mailed to Mr. and Mrs. Vandretta and friend, at the P— Hotel. I knew they would come. All three were crazy over whist! I had signed no name to the invitations, only using the proprietors letterheads.

Saturday night came. The guests of the house began to drop into the parlors like stray robins and the rooms filled up. Parkhurst and wife were on hand, with his mother. I also noticed, perhaps, felt, the presence of two of his gangsters that I had seen in Vermont. Finery of all kinds was in display and I believed that the bonton of the Elite was as well represented here as in any gathering in the city. By popular vote we declared for "Bid Whist." Allotments were made and sittings accordingly secured. The proprietor, with an assist-

ant, had taken things in hand, so I was relieved of responsibility and was at liberty to play with the others.

I sat down. My table was No. 13. But I was not at all dubious or depressed over that; was always above such little things.

At this juncture the proprietor came over to me and said, "I am glad that I festooned and draped the rooms in your honor. You are having wonderful success with your party. This, really is the coming out event of the season. "And," he continued, "who are those people from the P— Hotel? There is a most beautiful, charming young lady with them; and she wears the most exquisite string of beads that I ever saw." Then pulling a big roll of bills from his pocket, he stammered on, "and I will bet that roll that I will own those beads before she ever leaves this house,—even if they cost me a half-million!"

I knew he was a connoisseur of rare gems and jewelry; and dressed his wife most lavishly.—So I was begetting more complications! I then wished the party was in hell!—but not the guests.

Playing commenced simultaneously at all tables. Laughter and jollity rang out over the mirth—waves from every angle and corner of the parlors. Parkhurst was the bon-vivant of all the gatherings, whether seated at the table playing, or standing with his companions in anticipation of their turn at the table, as soon as the chairs would be vacated. A stringed orchestra would play softly now-and-then to relieve any tense, dull moments, that, peradventure, might beset the too-reflexive.

In spite of a great responsibility and worry, I was having a good time. Not long before Parkhurst came to my table and sat at my right. Ethel was seated at my left and, therefore, was his partner. Parkhurst immediately extended his left hand toward me and said "Shake!" I accepted the discourteous offering and shook. Parkhurst then said, "Meet my wife, Mrs. Vandretta!" We shook hands, as if strangers.

He continued, "have you seen my wife's gold beads? I was just offered \$200,000. for them; but can't quite decide whether it is best to accept or not."

Ethel spoke up, "are you sure there is no one else who has a claim on them?"

"Positively," he replied, with an accent strongly on the penultimate syllable. "Those beads are (same accent) positively mine. My mother gave them to me some little time ago. How she came by them is not for me to know, or none of my business. 'Possession, with me, is nine points,' etcetura."

I made no reply and sat in my chair as quietly as possible, voluntarily trying to repress the flow of blood which I felt rushing to my face; and knew it was my only evidence of agitation. Soon the proprietor, Mr. Dutton, walked up to our table and addressed Parkhurst. He said, "What do you think of the offer I made you?"

I interposed immediately: "Mr. Dutton, I think you would be wise (at the same time giving him the wink) to hesitate before you close any deal in which the beads may be involved. I happen to have a claim on those beads." I was extremely fearful of creating a scene, or bringing about the melodramatic to disturb and mar an otherwise perfectly unanimous mind, concerned with the good spirits and pleasures of the evening; when a drop of a spark into this pot of seething acids and metals, might cause one grand eruption.

But I had chosen well. Mr. Dutton turned and walked away saying, "we three will talk it over later."

Playing was resumed. Parkhurst and I were bidding, each for a suit, or trumps. I bid five; and he bid six. I dropped and he said, "I will go to the limit on *diamonds* anytime; you see I know what *diamonds* are worth! He reached over and touched the diamond-set beads on Ethel's neck. I did not like his nerve or his taunts.

After the party had broken up, Mr. Dutton came to me and said, Mr. Vandretta's party have gone out for a walk, but are coming back to attend a little wine-party that I am giving, so do not go up to your room now.

Then I told Mr. Dutton the history of the beads and that they still belonged to me. He said, "I will help you if possible."

Soon our wine-party organized and we were seated at one table. In the midst of our festivities, Mr. Dutton suddenly arose; and going to Ethel, said, "Let me see those beads again!"

He took them, walked over and handed them to me saying, "Here are your beads!"

I did not have time to stop him or, even, intercept his movements. But I well knew that such an act would precipitate violence from some source at once. And I would not have permitted it, could I have interfered in time to prevent his move.

My conjectures were correct. Some one behind us said, "Hands up!" We all turned to see the two gangsters standing there with guns levelled. We extended our arms, as the better part of valor, with good judgment.

Parkhurst walked up to me, took the beads from my hands and went out. His mother and Ethel followed.

I spoke to Spot. He was at my side in an instant. I took a handkerchief that Parkhurst's mother had left in her chair and held it out to Spot's nose. As usual, he growled. I let him out for the night. At about 4 that morning he was at my door whining. I took him in and kept him for a while.

Monday morning Frank and I went out for a walk. Of course, I took Spot. I let him smell of that handkerchief again and he took me to the P-- Hotel. I held the dog and had a talk with the proprietor. He said, "Mr. Vandretta's people left here about three o'clock Sunday morning. And at about ten a. m. a truckman came and got their trunks." But as I could get no information of much value from him I took Spot outside. He picked up a scent and took Frank and me to a Subway Station. We followed him inside, but he, of course, lost the scent at a platform's edge. I observed, that this place was for South Bound trains.

CHAPTER XV.

VAN LOON FIXES A FRAME-UP.

Three weeks had passed. Neither Frank nor I nor Spot could get any clues as to Parkhurst's new domicile. One morning after breakfast, Frank came rushing into our suite all out of breath, but managed to say, "You are an awful sick man! You are coming down with an awful attack of typhoid fever or laryngitis! I can not tell which. You cannot stay here any longer; I have already secured a flat for us up in the South End on T— street, and have engaged a doctor and nurse. Hurry and get up there as quickly as you can!"

"But Frank," I remonstrated, this is the first that I knew that I needed a doctor, and did not even know that I was sick. Frank was packing up my things already. "What do you mean by this? Am I out of my head? Do I froth at the mouth? Do I toe-in? Or, what are the symptoms that gives you such alarm?"

"You have not named it yet. The first trouble with you is, you have softening of the brain and are fast losing what little sense you ever did have!! Read that!" He thrust a morning's paper into my hand and again said, "Read it! Read! I say! Read!" He had pointed to a card in the classified "ads."

He then sat down in a chair and I began to read aloud:

"Wanted, a position by Vermont nurse twenty-five years old, who has had experience several years nursing in New York City. Welfare work and slum-nursing specially attended to. Pay no object. Address Box D. Roxbury Crossing."

"Of what special import is this ad?" I asked, "or what has it to do with my being sick?"

"Everything in the world," he replied. "First, you are dying from lethargy and anemia; will probably have to have both legs cut off and the right arm amputated at the shoulder. Your teeth will have to be drawn and, probably, both ears dug out to see if that can correct that inattentiveness

you have lapsed into lately! A transfusion of new blood is necessary and, possibly, brains, too. You are quite bad off!"

"But if that is all the trouble I have I don't see any reason for creating such an alarm and furore as you are making."

"It is not all that," he replied, you don't get me yet! It is not you alone that I am alarmed about. It is the nurse that is out of work and wants a job! You will make a good subject for her; and you can afford to give her employment and pay her, can't you?

"Now, Edgar, don't you understand that this nurse is probably Ethel?" Frank was perspiring; and, whirling on his knees, asked, "where is your kimona? It is not in the trunk—"

"—Nor anything else in there, by this time," I rejoined. "But you probably mean my bath-robe—look on the floor with the rest of my things! And why did you put my gold watch in the coal-hod?"

"We don't need two watches, even should you live, for I intend to be with you most of the time and will have my watch to look at."

The bell-hop announced my car, so Frank bundled me up, took me down the elevator, in his arms, and out to the car, then getting in beside of me.

"What will be my name when I reach my new place," I asked.

"Tammany Bill, of course," he replied. "And then should you ever happen to get to heaven, why, St. Peter will, probably, help you to change it and get one suitable for that place."

We began to get established in our new quarters. On first entering, Frank had insisted on my putting on my "kimona," as he called it, so that I could jump into bed quickly if we heard anyone approaching.

I heard some one enter the hall below. I quickly wet my head with cold water and got into bed. Soon the doctor came in.

"Well, young man what is the matter?"

"My friend, there, thinks it may be the mange," I told him.

"But only dogs have that. Why? Young man you are dripping with perspiration! Your's is a hopeless case; and before

I procede I shall have to have my pay in advance—\$250. every week until you die.”

“How long do you give me to live?” I inquired.

“Not long after my course of purgatives gets to working, By the way,” he continued, “I knew you would have to have nurses, so I just put a card on my bulletin board down on the street, calling for help.”

“How many will I need?” I asked.

“O, several,” he replied, while shaking up a green fluid in a large bottle. “This is the purgative, to be taken every fifteen minutes,—results, or no results. And what is left over may be used by the undertaker as an embalming fluid.”

“I am glad you are economical.” I said. “I think you are going to save me money.”

“I always try to plan to have some left for the undertaker.” he confided to me, in a near-whisper. “I will have to go out for lunch now, and will be back in an hour to see if you are alive and, incidentally, get \$10. more with which to buy medicine.”

The fat, waddling doctor turned to go, tripped on a rug and fell flat on his face, his medicine case flying open and bottles going all over the floor, the most of them breaking by their contact.

Just then a big Irish girl opened the door and hurriedly stumbled over the body of the doctor, also going to the floor, the impelled fling from her arm sending her carpet bag clear under my bed. She swore a little and got up.

“Who are you?” she asked.

“I am Dr. Bottsfly.”

“You are no gintleman, Oi’ll say, anyway,” she retorted. “And be thim the ways ye receive your guests?”

The strong, pungent odors from the various volatile fluids, that lay in puddles on the floor, were very nauseating and I began to experience diaphragmatic convulsions that I could see aided materially in convincing the unwary of the probable seriousness of my case.

I could see Frank sitting over by the window, attempting to read a book, but shaking with laughter.

The unfortunate soon regained their feet. The doctor seated his candidate and started to instruct his organization, when a

Chinaman came in. The doctor seated him with the other nurse.

"Who are you?" the doctor asked.

"Charlee Savoy," was the reply.

"What can you do?"

"Me the nurseee helpee."

"All right; you stay. Now sit down here with her, while I give my instructions."

A rap at the door and the doctor opened it. A big, fat negro girl came in. He seated her. Another knock and who should appear but Ethel? I winked and she raised her eyebrows in an understanding way. Then Frank arose and took her over by the window for a brief consultation. After five minutes she returned and seated herself with the others.

"Now," the doctor began, "we have a very severe case of tracheocelitis. Of course you all know that the thing I am talking about is about a foot-and-half long and the pipe that leads from the mouth to the stomach. The lower end of this pipe is connected up with the wind-pipe; and it is here that we find the inflammation, or disease."

"It is a difficult place to massage; there is also danger of stoppage of the food. In this case food has to be taken by the way of the wind-pipe, which, in some case, interferes with breathing and—"

By this time Frank laughed aloud. The Doctor stopped, looked over and said, "what are you laughing at?"

"Nothing, much!—was just watchin a horse drive a dog up a light-pole," Frank spluttered out.

The doctor resumed—"and in case of absolute stoppage of either pipe two of you must hold his feet up in the air, while the other one must pump him out from the mouth. I will leave a pump for this purpose. If it is not large enough you can get one at the hardware store that will answer.

"In case you cannot get me, if needed, I will leave the case in care of Dr. Paddusky, of—Tremont St."

"But he is a veterinarian," I interposed.

"That does not matter," he replied. "I have known him for years and he is very successful in his practice. He used to be the consulting doctor at Wellesley College.

Frank had provided a jar near my bedside, where I would

surreptitiously dump my medicines instead of swallowing them; and fortunately, I was not caught in the habit, either. To be sure I was being made the hoax of a real circus. But if I could attain the results I wanted, "viz. keep in touch with every movement of the beads, and, peradventure, recover them I could afford to forego many real comforts; and, also, could afford to face some real dangers. I felt that I was doing this nearly every day, since my campaign had started.

Then the doctor took the nurses aside for a short, private talk, after which, he went out for his lunch. Ethel came over slyly and whispered to me: "I am sensing a double duty devolving upon myself now; not only must I watch you and care for you, but it is very essential to watch the other nurses and see what they give you or do to you. They will kill you if I don't watch out sharply!"

"But that is just what they are supposed to do!" I offered as a solution to her worried face. The doctor wants to try out some new medicines and it is difficult to find subjects at these flourishing times, and when business is good in general!"

"But what do you realize out of this?" she asked.

"Well, the doctor gets the glory of his wonderful achievement—if I live; but, if I die, then I get it! And I really have only one thing to live for anyway, and that is the beads. Other hopes are lost, hopes."

But if the course you are pursuing, in regard to the beads and your 'lost hopes,' as you say, is a good and worthy course, then, I will admonish you to 'hang on! and, by all means, 'hang on!', to quote Mr. MacKenzie."

"What Mr. MacKenzie?" I asked.

"Your late mill-owner up in Woodstock and Bridgewater, Vermont," she replied, and then continued: But what puzzles me is your presence here; and under such ridiculous circumstances."

The doctor came in and set a jug on the table. "The patient must now have an alcohol-bath," he ordered the nurses. "And while you are doing this I want to talk with Mrs. Vandretta. The two nurses and Charlie set about their task. Mary, the Irish girl, working from my head down; and Sally, the negress, working from my feet up. Charlie held the dish or basin. They dried my body with their hands, giving me a good rub-

bing. When they had finished Charlie said, "Somee left in the dishee;" and quickly poured it all over my body. The bed was drenched, but I covered up and soon felt the intoxicating effects of my bath.

However, the doctor discovered the hapless condition of my bed and ordered me moved over into Frank's bed. The negress was unusually strong and, putting her arms beneath by body, lifted me and started across the room. The inevitable happened! As I rather expected! She stumbled and went sprawling and I rolled over twice. They all jumped and grabbed me, as if I were a lost parcel, and hurried me into bed. Frank stood there and laughed at the episode, but did not offer to help at all.

After two or three days of this enforced confinement I became really weak in my legs; and it was with difficulty that I could stand alone. The doctor said he was afraid varmints would get into my hair, too, and, one day, ordered my head shaved. I intended to object to this resort, but, on reflection, I knew I was getting bald, so thought the salutary effects would outweigh my odd appearance and therefore submitted to my new role of emasculation. Charlie was chosen to be the tonsorial artist and did a pretty good job; only, when he got through, one of my ears was hanging and required four stitches by the doctor. He said it would be alright in a few days, however; which proved to be true. I did not understand how Charlie could have made such a mishap; for it was one of his duties to shave me every morning and I considered him to be very skillful with the tools.

One day Sally and the doctor were standing at my bedside, when she asked "how ole is he."

"Eleven years old," the doctor replied, although he does not look it. He is nothing but a big baby yet."

"Now his hair's gon, he luks like un baby I tuk car on over on Commonwealth Avenue," she said.

"Probably the same one," the doctor answered reflectively.

Spot divided his time between sitting at my bedside and staying with Frank, especially if he happened to be going out. He was very fond of Charlie, however, and would play with him at every opportunity, although the Chinaman was quite afraid of him.

One day Charlie came rushing in with a bundle of packages and parcels in his arms. That just suited Spot and he jumped for the boy. The weight of the dog's body either cowered or knocked Charlie over onto the floor, with the bundles; Spot jumped on top of him and began to lick his face.

Charlie was screaming with all the strength of his lungs. Without stopping to think, I jumped out of bed to get hold of the dog. But Sally rushed up, seized me around the waist with one arm and grabbing me by a leg with the other, walked over to the bed and threw me upon it in a heap. She turned me over a little and began to put on the slaps with pretty good zeal.

"What is this for?" I remonstrated.

"I allus slapped my uther baby when he was notty," she answered triumphantly. I then, purposely turned over with my face to the wall and made believe cry. Sally went out, but soon returned with a bottle of milk and a black rubber nipple pulled on to its neck. She reached over and tucked it down under my bed coverings saying, "Doan cry, little un."

I awoke at the crackling, splitting and echoing of voices. I looked. Frank was at the foot of my bed, doubling up in contortions of laughter, stamping his feet on the floor and roaring; Mary stood at my bedside screaming and holding in her extended hand my bottle; Charlie was doubled upon the floor, doing all kinds of stunts; Sally had retreated behind the stove, just giggling; the doctor, the only one wearing a grave mien, although his red face indicated that something was greatly suppressed. Ethel had purposely stepped out of the room. I covered up my head: "Could I stand this circus, at my expense, much longer?" I reflected.

I awoke; I looked at my watch and saw I had been asleep two hours.

Charlie came rushing in excited, as he always was, at every little turn of events. He said: "See whatee me findee in the hallee." He had a hand axe in his hand.

"Bring that over here," I commanded. I began talking to myself. "Yes, here is my axe!—What does this mean?—Will this axe haunt me the rest of my days. But still it nearly always produces a clue that keeps me in close touch with my

beads." I called Charlie, again, and told him to replace it exactly where he found it.

The next day I got out of bed and dressed. I knew that in time I would become weak from confinement and decided I had better exercise a little.

I told Frank I wished he would locate Parkhurst, if possible; before he slipped us entirely. That evening he asked for that lady's handkerchief—"the one Mrs. Mason had," he said. He used it for Spot's benefit, by holding it at his nose for a moment; then taking Spot by the leash, started out. I watched for him all night; and, in fact, did not sleep much, as I was anxious about both Frank and the dog. The next morning at five they made their appearance, both, much the worse off for their night's experience.

This was Frank's story: "Spot took me to a house at — Tremont St. No one that I could see seemed to be of any especial interest, so I went to the door, rang the bell and asked if I could hire a room. A lady answered that she might rent the front room, first floor. So I paid her for a week and stepped inside. I tied Spot to a grating inside and I watched through the windows. In an hour Parkhurst came down stairs and went out. I unhitched Spot and let him get the scent while it was fresh then, after a while, we started out. The dog led me to Dover St. He took me to a door and I entered. I saw at once that here was one of the biggest gambling places in Boston.

"Some men were playing poker in a room adjacent to the one I had entered. I heard Parkhurst's voice at last. He said, I will bet that string of gold beads against \$50,000, on that hand. The other man had a strange voice. I stepped along behind the stranger in this new room and got a good look into his hand. He held four aces. I knew that would spoil any 'royal combination' that Parkhurst might hold, so, of course, the stranger would win. Then I must frustrate their plans involving the beads immediately. I stepped into the room and said, 'Gentlemen if you knew as much about these beads as I do you would not bet \$10 against them. They are rolled gold set with sapphire chitz. I am not exactly a squealer, at the same time, I don't like to see anything quite as raw as this pulled off.'"

"I was successful with my role and my advice seemed to carry weight. However, I knew I was playing with fire and would probably experience all kinds of trouble before I ever got out of there.

"I had taken a seat at the table, just to appear sociable when four men came along, one of them carrying a tray, laden with goblets of liquor. I knew at once that none of them belonged in the house, but did recognize two of Parkhurst's gangsters.

"Parkhurst arose and, stepping out by me and behind me said, "I will take the glasses. When he got behind me he quickly pulled a close-fitting bag down over my head. Instantly five or six men grabbed me, attempting to over-power me. The bag was tight and, while I was not suffocated, breathing was difficult. I got one man by the wrist and gave him one of my twists. I heard the bone snap and he screeched. I got another by the throat, and I doubt that he had caught his breath yet. Then I felt a revolver butt on my head and I yelled, 'Spot!' More blows were coming and suddenly a big dog's body shot across my lap, or legs and I heard a man scream. My hands were now free so I could get my strange cap away. I did. And soon Spot and I went through the rest of the 'bunch.'

"Spot has a bullet hole in his foreleg. (You probably wondered why he limped.) And I got a bullet through my hind leg, in the fleshy part. I only got one chance at Parkhurst and then could only break his nose. But if he doesn't have to get it set, I'll lose my guess."

"Did you get the beads? or see them?" I asked.

"I did not even see them," Frank replied. "But I have a clue. I got hold of a letter that was dropped in the scrimmage; and here it is. I took it and read: "Send the beads to—Bank, South Boston, tomorrow. They will be safe for a while. I will send two policemen to escort you over—10 a. m.

(Signed) Ernest Putnam,
Leader, K. K. C. Gang."

"I will attend to that matter myself, Frank. I have been out exercising today; and will feel much better tomorrow."

CHAPTER XVI.

KLONDIKE KILL.

The next morning I went over by Parkhurst's and hid myself in a vestibule adjoining his rooming-place. In a few minutes I heard some one walking up Parkhurst's steps. I peered out. They were two policemen. I waited, but kept watch.

Soon Parkhurst appeared carrying a box. The three walked away. I followed them. I had left Spot in my house. Passing a tough looking joint I saw a young fellow emerging.

"Do you want to make \$50.?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Then take this money and do as I tell you. You'll get fifty more if you do. You see that man ahead. Well, I want to get that box. When I drop or throw it onto the sidewalk you grab it and run. Get out of their way, and keep out of their way, for fully fifteen minutes. I will take care of the rest."

We had crossed Washington St. and were approaching the bridge. A construction-job was in progress here and the sidewalk was boarded up. At this place I scooted up behind Parkhurst and the policemen and, with some force pushed the box from under his arm on to the sidewalk ahead. I jumped and grabbed the box; and before they could recover from the sudden shock. Then jumped back and pulled out the beads. Of course, I knew the manipulation of the catch on the box.

I then dropped the box and the young fellow grabbed it and ran out the street across the bridge. I ducked in, through a swing-door, to the construction job, I have mentioned; ran over to a pile of joists, and grabbing a saw from a tool-box proceeded to cut a timber in two. I had thrown off my coat and hat, when one of the policemen came in and looked around. They had been chasing the other fellow. Not long before the foreman came up and said, "Why did you cut up that timber."

"Wasn't that your orders?" I tried to clear up for him.

"No; what is your name?"

I gave him one.

"When did you come to work?"

"Yesterday morning," I replied.

"This is peculiar; I don't remember you. But here is your time. You may go to the office." Just then a workman came down from aloft and approached me. I was naturally suspicious of him and paid little attention. But when I did take a good look at him, it was along the barrel of a six-shooter. We were out of sight from anyone else.

"Put your hand in your pocket and hand me those beads as quickly as you can move," he commanded. I had to obey. Before we separated I saw the initials "K. K. C." on his cap.

Instead of trying to watch my new actor, I went directly to the office to get what information I could concerning him. The timekeeper, or clerk, was at the window.

"This is funny", he remarked. "I have not seen you before—at least on the job." I looked at him again. There was a peculiar twinkle in his eyes.

"Karl Kearns!" I ejaculated, "My old classmate at D—— College!"

As it was essential to perfect my scheme, I collected my false pay; but before leaving, I made inquiries about the fellow that had just held me up, when he got the beads the last time.

Kearns said, "he was discharged about ten minutes ago, for the simple reason that we had learned that he is a member of the notorious "Keep Quiet Club'." ——"No; we know nothing more concerning him."

I had told him nothing about my late, hold-up. Kearns said his name was "Klondike Kill."

I had kept all of my nurses at work for me doing odd jobs. Only Ethel had to leave my case as Parkhurst's gang had "got wise" to the proceedings and, therefore, informed him.

Charlie was principally my door-man. I found him to be clever and shrewd; and afraid of nothing, but the dog. Frank said he was the best part of the whole show.

Frank and I held a consultation. I told him all about my late proceedings. Whether the beads were as safe in the hands of this unscrupulous fellow was a question we did not feel able to decide. If he kept them, or, even kept them away from

Parkhurst, then I would have to change my whole course of attack, or detection, and institute a new line of procedure at every turn in the game. This would not only entail considerable extra cost and expense, but might cause an unavoidable delay that would mean the loss of the beads, eventually. But it seemed to me all of the time now that there was a new factor in the game with which to be dealt and considered; so I began to make my plans accordingly.

I took Frank and Spot out onto Dover St. where I had located my new antagonist. It was five-thirty p. m. and I knew if Klondike Kill was at work in the city he would soon appear. A week had elapsed since he had "stuck me up" and demanded the beads. Frank and I waited a few minutes when "Klondike came stalking along the street, swinging a lunch-basket.

I accosted him at once. Frank and the dog were beside of me. I said, "Say young fellow (I really was blanked for the want of words), "My friend and I will give you just three minutes to tell what you did with those beads and where they are now!"

My new subject was tall and large, splendidly built,—all bone and muscle,—with the spring of a cat and a physique that matched the larger type of the cat-family; viz., the tiger. His mouth was well-formed, strong and resolute, with a chin that could take the kick of a mule. His eyes were gray and fearless and his hair stood up pompadour from a high, broad forehead. I knew by his looks that he was not a day over twenty.

"What did I do with those beads?" he mocked me. "O, I know you, now, he discovered: "You are the easy guy that gave me a string of beads the other day! You wouldn't even put up a fight with me! But you don't look well, anyway. And I don't know as I ought to blame you! The gun I showed you that day was only a bluff. I never use one. But I'm glad we got along without a fight; for if I had ever got hold of you I might have broken your back!"

He looked capable of it; but that did not soothe nor allay my rising spirits, at all. I was piqued and peeved and felt just right to attack anything, up to an elephant. He could not have chosen any other words more fitting to cause a provocation. But I saw that his nerve was unequalled and his deportment supreme. Van Loon and I both had been holding raised-

guns during the conversation and I knew the young fellow would have produced one too, had he deemed it prudent to do so. I was annoyed at his nerve, even at that!"

He continued: "Now I probably know more about those beads than you would give me credit for. But that is my business and I am not going to tell it to you unless I want to. "Say," he ejaculated, "I rather like you—don't finger that trigger quite so much! you might have an accident!—and think I would like to get acquainted with you,—you're so kind of sissy-like; effeminate, I believe they call it. Now, I have a proposition: I punch the bag every night forty-five minutes before supper. I am in training. And, if you would care to go to my 'gym' and be my punching-bag, I will give you five dollars. I need the extra exercise it would give me to follow you around.

By this time I was really angry at his audacity and extreme freshness. I said, "I will go with you. But, young fellow, don't flatter yourself that you will get much exercise 'following me around' Let me warn you: look out for your own self!

Frank said, "may I go, too?—I would like to see this."

"Surely, replied Klondike, "come ahead!"

It is not necessary to go into the details of the combat, as I have done before. We will suffice to say that I engaged him for three rounds, giving him a great deal of punishment in face, jaw and neck, when I thought that was enough; and ended it with a hard swing to the jaw. I then revived him; and he handed me the five dollars saying: "the cheapest lesson I ever had; come again!"

"But I have not gone yet," I replied. "I am here to know where those beads are; and if you don't tell me I'll give the the worst licking you ever had! I think I have taught you to respect me; if I have failed then I can give you another lesson.

WHEN I JOIN THE K. K. C.—

Klondike Kill looked at me sharply and said, "Under just one condition will I tell you where those beads are!"

"What is that?" I asked eagerly.

"That you will join our club and take upon yourself the vows that bind you unto death. Our Order is the strongest in

the country and has behind it the largest available capital possessed by any group of men known. The liquor interests are backing us up; in fact, are the "whole cheese," anyway. Our resources are reputed to be eight hundred million. We stand in fear of no one:—not even the law! An occasional apprehension or reprisal does not faze us; only actuates us to greater activity in the distribution of the bootlegger's commodity. We are a law unto ourselves. We make and enforce our own edicts. If anyone becomes troublesome or gets in our way too much we have a method of taking care of him and no one on the 'outside' knows anything about it. Our body may be large and ponderous, still it moves with the smoothness and precision of a huge steam engine, just oiled. Our ways and methods are nefarious and questionable under some lights, yet they are made with the ultimate purpose in view of serving each member as an individual and the club as a unit. Our motto is 'Self Aggrandizement and Self Preservation.' We fight as one.

"Misdemeanor and crime are at a premium. We pay good sums to any member who can produce any method or tricks that will aid and foster the work of our Club. This branch of our Club is well-organized; and we call it our 'Patent Office'. We laugh at the Patent Office in Washington.

"There is no fee; the bootleggers take care of that. And the amount of your dues will be determined according to your financial rating. I am an organizer and work on the outside only. Last year I was secretary of the Club. This is the headquarters for New England.

"We have a meeting at K—— St. tomorrow night, eleven p. m. You will be there; but come prepared for the worst grilling you ever experienced."

"I will be there," I repeated. "And shall we take my friend in at the same time?"

"Certainly, if he is ready to join."

"I will be there, too," Frank said.

Frank and I could not exactly anticipate the procedure for our coming initiation, but we thought it better to be prepared for almost anything. With this in mind, we began to plan. We each bought a heavy silk union-suit which we donned at our rooms, then leaving in our trunks all jewelry, money, papers

and other valuables, we went to the "gym" we had visited the day before. This was according to arrangements Klondike had made.

A limousine stood at the curb. Klondike met us at the door and ushered us into the car. The curtains were drawn. I noticed the driver wore a "K. K. C." pin on his vest.

When we alighted we were accompanied into a large brick building by the youth. We went through a maze of doors, hallways and rooms into the back part. I noticed very little furniture as we passed through, usually a desk and a chair or two. We came to a door with a sign over it: "Konvocation Kloister." We entered.

The room was about thirty by forty feet. Near the center, or toward one end, was a strong platform, about three feet from the floor and eighteen feet square. Small iron posts stood around the edge and a rope was strung from one to the other about three feet from the platform. At the other end of the room I noticed a gathering of about twenty men, evidently in business session. But it all stopped as we entered and the lock clicked as the door was shut.

Frank and I were instructed to climb the platform, which we did. Then a goat was led out and lifted onto the stage. I believe he was the largest goat I ever saw. We were then told we could remove some of our clothing, if we desired. We both desired and stripped down to our union-suits. At this juncture Klondike stepped up to me and, pointed to a flat-topped desk, all covered with black broad cloth. Across the front were the words "Konvocation Klips."

He said, "The box you see on that desk is your box and it contains your beads. They are to be raffled off tonight before we leave the room."

The leader, whatever his title might be, then came up to the platform, carrying a gold-lettered book, and began to read a sort of a dirge. He wore a very elaborate, priestly garb and was pretty well disguised from head to feet. But I recognized Parkhurst's voice.

He then said "you will both raise your right hand to your God Above." Neither one of us responded. He then hollored, "Klistering Kringles!" Every man in the room jumped to his feet and drew a gun.

A creature, the size of a small man appeared from another room, carrying a red-hot iron that resembled a sword in shape. A wire handle was affixed, with asbestos covering. He came up onto the platform and approached Frank. He then made as if to draw the sword across Frank's neck. He made several would-be attempts, or thrusts, at Frank's face and head and heart; always very close, but just averting an actual contact, Frank would now and then cringe, but only from the intense heat of the sword, as I well knew. After a number of these manoeuvres, the thing, or creature, unbuttoned Frank's union-suit in front and applied the extreme point of the sizzling sword to his breast, over his heart. Frank did not wince or make an out-cry.

As the creature turned to me I noticed in particular his garb, or attire, partly from interest, but more for the want of a mental distraction to hold, or fix, my mind to, while undergoing this physical torture. His was the perfect type of a Satanic Goblin; that is, as you would imagine one to appear. Nothing in dress, paint or equipment was missing to carry out the effect.

Frank's exemplary presence and conduct during this Satanic visitation impressed me as being the best role to adopt. Therefore, I was bent on emulating him to the best of my ability. But it seemed as if he must have drawn the hot sword a little closer to the skin on my neck! I could not endure it! I struck at the Elf. He dodged, of course, and I did not come within a foot of him! He came back and held the sword-point so close to my flesh over the heart, that it burned a hole in my suit and raised a blister on the skin the size of a dollar. I struck again and, again, he dodged.

Some one must have untied the goat, for the first thing I knew the goat struck me in the rear section and I went onto my face. I got up and looked for Frank! He stood there laughing, like a fool! The red-hot iron again touched me on the breast and I jumped for my antagonist, but did not connect. Before I could turn, however, the goat gave me another gentle lift and I went about twenty feet, over the rope and landed in the laps of a couple of men. Someone said, "Have you got enough?"

"Not until I kill that goat and throw the devil into the Bos-

ton Harbor!" I replied. Then started to climb to the platform, when Frank reached down with his hand to help me up. I just got one foot on to its edge and gave a spring, clearing myself from the floor below, when suddenly, Frank took a flying leap right over my head. Of course, I went down onto my head and shoulders in a heap.

Frank looked at me and grinned: "There is no window there!"

"But there will be a place for one if the goat ever hits you again," I retorted.

Frank came up to me and said, "Let's see who can stay the longest time with the goat."

I replied, "I'll just go you!"

We climbed back onto the platform. The 'devil,' with his leopard-spotted legs was dancing around and shaking his horns. Another imp, weirdly dressed, had just emerged from the devil's headquarters bearing a newly-heated sword which he handed to Satan. It was glaring red. We had to watch both the goat and Satan. The "Devil" had me nearly cornered, while trying to avoid his thrusts with the sword. I made a final attempt to jump by him and struck near the edge of the platform, only to be met by the goat, which butted me clear over the ropes again. I landed on the floor right beside the platform. But did not stop! What a sensation! I thought the entire building was going down! I must have dropped fifteen feet, before I struck ground. I was not hurt. I looked above; there was a square hole through which I had just plunged; and it was not yet covered up. Satan then stuck his head over the edge of the platform, and looked down at me. His false face carried one of those Satanic grins from ear to ear. Then eight or ten imps, all dressed like the first one, appeared around the opening. They had a long, stout rope. After quite a few preliminaries and a good deal of mixed jargon, they let the rope down, but just out of my reach. A big noose was on the lower end. Soon, however, they caught me, unaware, and dropped it over my shoulders; then snubbing it quickly, drew it up under my arms. Then all took hold of the rope and I was hauled above and placed on the platform. I noticed the trap was not closed, and began to study. A chair was offered me

and I sat down to get my breath, while Satan was holding the goat by the horns.

With a purpose I arose and began shaking my fist at the goat. He stamped his feet and I retreated toward the side next to the hole. The devil let him go and, as I had planned, I quickly stepped aside. I took one look behind me. About eighteen feet below the platform lay a mass of goat-flesh. But I turned just in time to avoid, what seemed to me, a really vicious thrust by Satan, with that hot sword. That was sufficient. I was now ready for action. I knew I had got to be quick; and I was. I landed on Satan just right and he went after the goat.

I then jumped from the platform and cuffed over three of Satan's imps. And grabbing my box from the desk started for the door we had entered. Frank was by my side. Two or three started to interfere, but Frank took care of them summarily and we reached the guard at the door. "Give me those keys!" I shouted. He shook his head. Frank came up behind him and seized him by the throat. The guard's fingers soon relaxed and extended and the keys dropped to the floor. I grabbed them, unlocked the door, and rushed out. Three or four guns barked, and three or four bullets whistled by, one cutting the fleshy part of my arm.

Frank was now taking the lead and, we shot through the lobby we had entered not long before.

Suddenly, Frank hollered and I hollered; and both of us dropped through another trap door in the floor. We must have reached the same level I had found in my other excursion below; for the distance was about the same.

I looked above. The trap was closed tightly, with no indications of a cleavage, or weak places. Neither one of us were hurt only my bullet-wound smarted. "But where were my beads?" I could not find them anywhere. And by reason of my sudden shock, when falling, had lost all recollections of them.

Our dungeon was lighted by electricity. But it was damp and we felt cold with our slight raiment. We commenced to explore. By going through a short tunnel we opened a door and found a room, evidently against the back end of a steam boiler, for the bricks were warm. But our exploring revealed

nothing more but a padlocked-door into the boiler-room and a rubbish-chute from the floors above.

There was nothing that I, or Frank, could now do but wait, so we lay down in a corner by the warm bricks and soon both were asleep.

When we awoke we decided we had slept several hours. We were refreshed and ready for action, but what could we do? Frank said he was getting hungry; so was I, and thirsty, too. We had no means for telling the time of day, or making an estimate. Soon a loaf of bread, wrapped in waxed paper landed from the chute. That settled the hunger question. But how about drink? However, it was not long before a small case of "pop-sodas" tumbled out of the chute. I thought this must have been intentional, but after an investigation, Frank decided it was due to an accident or mistake by someone above.

Time was dragging. A bundle of old newspapers came down the chute. Frank got hold of one that was dated Sept. 21, Evening Edition. As we came to this place on the 20th, we therefore concluded this was the next day. Then something heavy came down and bounded along the concrete floor. Frank got it. It was my axe!

"What a God-send!" we both remarked. I then took the axe and began to cut away the wood around the staple in the door-jamb. After a time I had it loosened so that I was able to work it out.

We pushed the door; yes, it was a boiler-room, but no one was in sight. We then looked at a watch that was hanging on the wall. It was twelve-forty-five. Then we went above. It was night. We had run across no one as yet. We found our way to the outside door. Frank stood in the door listening. Soon he said, "Come with me! hurry!" A cabby was driving by. Frank hailed him. We had on no clothes yet, only our light colored union-suits. Frank said to him, "we are inmates of the —— Insane Asylum and ran away without any clothes. Take us back and the Super will settle with you. You had better drive through Tremont St.," Frank suggested, as we got into the taxi.

After a while I was able to announce to Frank that we were nearing our rooming-house. Frank stuck his head out of the door and yelled to the driver: "You had better go slowly;

there is a bad place in the street just ahead." He slowed up; and Frank and I jumped out and ran to our door. We got into the vestibule but the inner door was locked, as I knew it should be. We rang the bell and Charlie let us in. We then dressed and began to refresh ourselves with food and drink.

Dr. Botsfly dropped in to see Mary and I had him dress and sterilize the wound on my arm. He said, "You might better take a rest and be quiet for a few days, or you may get serious trouble from that. You will be all right in a week."

One of my principal avocations was writing for publication. I had always felt that I was doing the best there was in me when seated at my table with pen or pencil in my hand. And had hoped I could make this my real vocation. But it was not for the want of actual time devoted to the work that was responsible for my failure, if I called it such. Some of the articles and poems I had sent to magazines were tardy in returning, thereby inspiring me with great hopes and promise for an acceptance. But they would usually prove to have been vain hopes and false promises, when I would receive a long envelope containing my manuscript and a rejection slip. Some of my manuscripts had been read by good critics, although some of my own choosing; and had been pronounced as good as written.

I had sent thirty-one manuscripts to The Evening Post, every one of which was rejected.

Then I had two of them re-typed, with different spacing; changed the positions of some of the verses, signed my name, "Sir Scott Walter," Ph.D, and sent them to this same magazine, after a lapse of two months. They wrote me and enclosed a cheque for \$125, saying they were much pleased with the articles and hoped I would send them more as soon as possible.

I was then satisfied that it is the man with a name that gets into print; and was so disgusted with the system that I very nearly came to the point of burning all of the rejected manuscripts, that I felt some time would doubtless be available and probably courted by the publishers. While I was not in need of the emoluments to be derived from the author's game, I just wanted to stand before the world in this light and prove that I was contributing something to help solve their problems.

My one great aim in life had always been to occupy, as I viewed it, the position of an author. I sent out by Frank for different kinds of writing material. Fortunately, my wound was on my left arm, which, therefore, did not interfere with my writings.

After two or three days at my new work, Frank sat down, ostensibly, for a visit with me; "Well what are you writing about now?" he inquired.

"I have been trying to write two stories, but do not seem to get along at all well with the subjects. I can't make my characters behave."

"Then we had better go over both of them together,—perhaps I can help you out," Frank volunteered.

I continued, "My first story was about my mother-in-law going over Niagara Falls. This was to be for exhibition and for a prize of \$1,000. A large gathering was at hand to witness the event. The setting was all made and perfected; she had shaken hands with all and bidden them good-bye. I was glad it was the last time, although I could not kiss her and —"

"I did not know before that you were married!" said Frank.

"I am not; nor do I have to be to write a story or assign a part to any one I choose. You do not seem to realize this is a story and the author can, or may, use any character he chooses."

"Well, go on," Frank said.

"Yes, she left her friends and relatives standing on the bank and started to embark in her long, egg-shaped boat. She got in—"

"Good!" shouted Frank—

"and closed the aperture on the boat, that could be operated from within at will; and, with ropes was pulled out into the main stream—"

"Go ahead," screamed Frank—

"Please don't interrupt me—friends and relatives commenced to cry and wring their hands—"

"Shame on them!" broke in Frank—

"The story here seems to be alive and quivers with its fate of a poor, dear moth—"

"Hold on! don't put that in, you will spoil the whole business—"

—"with its fate and destiny of a mother-in-law, possibly to be dashed and ground to pieces on some protruding rocks just before—

"Great! finish the story quickly—

"But the boat caught on Goat Island, swung around and broke in two. The mother-in-law was rescued by hands only too willing to—

"Stop right where you are! screamed Frank. "The story is no good! and if you every attempt to finish such an infamous, dam yarn, I'll tie you to that bed-post for a week! That story is a flat failure!"

"But what makes you seem to be so disgusted with mother-in-laws?"

"Because I've got one tied to me yet!"

"How do you make that out?" "you were never married!" I challenged.

"Twice!—to my wife and mother-in-law all at the same time! I lived with them just a week; then applied for a bill of divorce from both of them for intolerable severity. But the court only gave me a bill from my wife. So I suppose I am yet tied to the other one. But go on with your other story, maybe that is better than this one."

"Well, if I tell you what I have written in this story, don't make the mistake you did concerning the other and think that I am one of the principals in it. If I write in the first person, which I nearly always do, that does not mean that I am taking a part in it. Anyway, I have not written much on the story yet; I had to give it up for a time.

"The story starts off with a circus coming to Town. They have a large menagerie and a street-parade is given. But just before they adjourn to the "Grounds" the manager announces to a large gathering that there is a reward of \$10. offered to any civilian who will stay ten minutes in the lion's cage. The lions are trained and handled by a real tamer. No weapons allowed unless it be a whip. The trial to be made at 2:30 p. m. I filed my application and paid my dollar for entrance fee. At that time there was no other name on the book.

"The time came for the trial and I started to enter. I thought I was going to be alone in this test, but as I looked behind me

I saw my Step-mother following, I stepped one side, at the entrance to the cage and said, 'ladies first' always.

She said, "No you don't! you can't play any of your father's tricks on me!" I had always been taught to obey, especially, when she was talking; and so stepped inside. The lions opened their mouth and came toward me. Then she enters and steps behind me, but with a quick and dexterous movement I swung in back of her, thus placing her between me and the lions. Immediately they retreat to the furthest corner of the cage and buried their face in their paws; which, I had learned, was the lions' sign of subjection.

"This is as far as I have gone in the story; however, think I shall have my characters maintain this relative position to the lions, as long as possible; then do not know what I shall do with them."

"You have a wonderful story started. But I can see you do not know how to finish it. The lions know the disposition of the Step-mother better than you do. You must not only protect the hero in the story, but you must have her antagonize the lions in some way to stir them up, then our hero slips out of the cage, even if he loses the \$10.00. Don't you see the point?"

"But I don't want her attacked all alone in the cage. That would be dreadful! and might spoil the story," I replied.

"Again, you are mistaken," Frank said; "you are not writing for yourself alone, but for the public at large and must write what they want to read. I can see that you can never finish that story as it should be! So I will finish it for you. Before I could remonstrate, Frank reached over and took the manuscript from my hand, then went and put it into his trunk.

He continued, "but I can't take time to write as you do. I have got to take Spot and hunt up some new clues. Neither you nor I can afford to loaf. I believe you are the laziest fellow I ever saw!"

"But the doctor said to keep still for a week. I cannot afford to get infection into this arm!"

"O, piffle with your infection! If you had the will I have, you would have no trouble at all with your arm!"

"But that is not the point! I have to use judgment where it

concerns my health and welfare,—whether you like it, or do not!" I replied.

But at that, I was very tolerant of Frank's little idiosyncrasies; for, taken all in all, I had found him to be one mighty fine fellow!

I began to feel the effects of inflammation in my arm. Fever rose slightly and I was glad I had decided to remain in-doors for a few days. While thus confined these words came to my memory:

"My window panes are my prison bars,
Beyond I see the lucky stars.
Lucky to be away from the din,
Lucky to be not hemmed within.

"Who said 'my star is a lucky one'?
With my trials long since, begun
For my luck now come disguised in pains,
It never pours unless "it rains."

I was uneasy, and chafed under my restraint.

To be sure, I was getting good care and all kinds of attention. Mary was my real nurse and Sally was supposed to do the housework. Altho Sally was extremely jealous of Mary and claimed she was my nurse of last resort. One day Sally fell over a rug and bruised her elbow severely when she struck the floor. Mary attended the injury. Which caused a good deal of complaining by Sally. Then Mary came over to me one time and said confidently, "She is putting this on; you can't see any black and blue spot on her elbow, at all!" Charlie was at my side every five minutes, with the inquiry, "Something you wantee Mistee Edgee?" I became as accustomed to this as I did the clock-ticking, therefore, did not annoy me. Dr. Bottsfly was giving me daily attention and the wound was doing well under his care. Frank and Spot were outside most of the time "digging for clues."

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME EXPERIENCES IN BOSTON.

One night Frank came in and said, "Did you read about that murder over in East Boston last night?"

I replied that I had.

"Well," he said, "I was trailing one of the 'gangsters' over there today and Spot and I inadvertently ran down a clue that would apprehend and convict the real criminal inside of one hour."

"You leave all such affairs alone!" I admonished, "we have all the trouble we can attend to without additions."

"I intend to," he agreed, but the murderer is one of Parkhurst's gang."

"Even so," I subjoined, his apprehension would not promote the interests of our case, but would undoubtedly mean detention, time lost and any amount of undue publicity, which might reveal our identity. With our particular case in hand, we must avoid the courts and the police-department at every stage of the game."

I had recovered from my little indisposition and arose one morning, planning to go out. Charlie went into the hall to see if the postman had been along with his deliveries. He returned quickly, holding in his extended fingers my axe, smeared with blood. He yelled, "Charlie scatee! Charlie scatee!"

"Well! this is quite significant," I reflected, and I, of course, interpreted it as a death warning. "But by whom and for whom it was intended is beyond my comprehension." I knew Frank and Spot would be at a certain barber-shop, so telephoned with the instructions to send Mr. Van Loon home at once. He came.

Spot smelled the axe all over, but made no signs; then went over behind the cooking-range and sat down.

"Even Spot is perplexed!" remarked Frank.

"This would perplex any one," I rejoined. I had Sally wash

the axe, then tied some ribbons of black crepe on it and Charlie replaced it in the hall-way. It soon disappeared. I told Frank I wanted exercise and, also, wanted to enshroud myself in a little deeper with my story. "You go out this afternoon and get a carpenter's job for me and one for yourself." I said. "We have got to identify ourselves with the industrial game and lose ourselves in the social world. We are becoming too prominent."

Frank got a job for us as I suggested and the next morning we started to work.

Our job was located in South Boston, at the intersection of 3rd and Emerson Streets. We were working on the outside, when I pointed across to a flat-building at one of the extreme angles and said, "I once knew of a young man who fell from the top of that building, a distance of four stories and struck on his head."

"Of course, it killed him?"

"No; he is alive yet!"

"Incredible!"

"But it happens to be a fact, nevertheless," I answered.

"Who is he?" Frank asked. I did not reply. Frank looked at me sharply, but said no more.

This was a hurry-up-job, with a time-limit and two shifts of men were at work—one shift working from four to twelve, A. M.; the other, from twelve to eight, P. M. I was on the afternoon shift. On the second day the "Business Agent" from the "Carpenter's Local" came to me and said, "I know who you are and will appoint you as 'Job Steward' for this job. There is one man on the other shift that has caused us trouble all over the city. He usually carries a gun and is a bad one to mix up with. He claims he belongs to a 'Local' in New York, but pays no dues. And we are unable to get him out of the 'Union.'"

"What is his name," I asked.

"Klondike Kill."

"I guess I know who he is," I replied.

The next forenoon I went over to the job to make a survey from the "union" point of view, and, also, examine the workmen's cards. I was glad of this new role the Union gave me;

for it certainly helped me to complete my disguise and divert suspicion.

I went all over the job, even onto the roof but could not find Klondike. At last, however, I found him in the basement nailing up "strapping" on the ceiling. I recognized one of Parkhurst's gangsters, working with him.

I went up to Klondike and said, "have you a card with you?"

"That's none of your business," he answered.

"But it is *my business* to see if you have a card and then report.

"The best thing you can do is to walk out of here as quickly as you can, he sneered, at the same time pulling a gun from his hip pocket.

But I was the quicker. Mine cracked first and his gun-arm fell to his side, his smoking revolver going to the scaffolding on which he stood. I then saw the other fellow reach for his pocket, but I would not permit it. His hand also dropped to his side! I did not want to become involved in any legal entanglements, so slipped out the bulk-head at the rear and ducked into a back hall-way in a house, nearby. I was undisturbed for fully a half-hour, then got out and went through back yards onto the next street.

At twelve o'clock I reported for work as usual, not being suspected of having had a part in the basement affray. And I well knew there would be no exposition of the incident on Klondike's part, as it would probably expose an array of aliases and interminable list of crimes, committed by him.

The next day I went into the basement to finish up their job; and, lo! there lay my hand-axe. But this time there was a note attached to it. I read it; "Do you think you can shoot whomsoever you please with impunity?—K.K.C."

I told Frank all about what had happened; and he said, perhaps, it would be policy to quit before the case assumes a more serious aspect. But I said, "no; not yet. I am not anticipating a change of venue for the beads at the present, anyway."

A few days later I was hurrying around a street corner and met Klondike face to face. We both stopped.

He said, "When this arm gets well I want to meet you to settle this up!"

I replied, "The quicker you and I can have a settlement the better it will suit me!"

I was two days building a linen-chute; on the So. Boston job, from the third floor to the basement. It was two-feet square inside, but I had not quite completed it and an opening at the bottom was not yet cut out. I had just finished the top when the whistle blew for our "shift" to cease work. I was late in picking up my tools and when I started to descend the stairs a body of men, some of which I recognized as belonging to Parkhurst's gang and some wearing a 'K.K.C.', stopped me. There was no use in parleying with the gang or antagonizing them, so I retreated to study and plan and await developments. the men also retreated, back down stairs. I then went on to the roof. By getting a running-start I might jump to another roof, which was about ten feet. But I hesitated before making the attempt as I lacked the confidence.

Some one shouted, "he is on the roof."

But I returned to the top-floor and went to the linen-chute; "If I could extend and brace my elbows and knees I might be able to ease myself to the bottom of the chute, not once thinking that the bottom end was yet closed!"

I got in, hung to the top edge, while I got myself braced and then let go. For two-thirds of the way I descended slowly, then lost control of myself and went the rest of the way like a shot. The impact of landing hurt me fearfully and my knees ached; and I about gave up hopes when I discovered I was nailed in at the bottom of this forty foot shaft! But I preferred anything in preference to the torture and a probable death at the hands of this vicious, unscrupulous gang! After a time a "sweeper" was sent to the top-floor to "clean-up." The sound-waves through the soft-pine boards surrounding the shaft, impelled the sounds into the chute quickly and clearly; where they in turn were as clearly telephoned to me from any floor above. After a time the men all talked loudly and distinctly. I recognized Parkhurst's voice among them. I could also hear Klondike talking.

Then Parkhurst said, "Klondike I will pay you well to go up to Vermont and work for me in my mines. You are just the kind of man I want around the 'sap-works,' too." I knew what he meant by that.

"My mother is going back to Vermont in a few days he continued; and I shall send the beads up there soon, whether with her or not. But before I do this, that Mason must be disposed of by some means. I cannot, nor will not, have him dogging and chasing me the rest of my life."

The sweeper had tossed a few small blocks into my chute, probably at playful moments, or perhaps, to test his accuracy at throwing. Some of these hit me on the shoulders or body, but, luckily, none on the head. However, they hurt and I ached from the blows.

Soon I heard a heavy piece of joist land in the top of the chute, whip about in its confinement, two or three times, then start on its downward course for me.

Of course, I had no time for thinking! but that was sufficiently long! I just felt that my time had come and the end was here! The joist came tearing, clattering down its slippery shaft. I curled up to one side. The joist struck the concrete floor, tearing off a side of my shoe, and rebounded four or five feet. I was stiff with paralysis for nearly five-minutes before I could move. Then, after regaining my nerve and poise I began to realize the advantage to be gained by having this joist to use in freeing myself from this death-trap.

The joist was a '2 x 4' about six feet long. I now began to feel the return of my courage and strength, with which I must also needs have no little patience. So I concluded to wait until this "shift" had gone home before trying to get out, of course, depending on my "2 x 4" as a means to aid me.

There were about thirty men on each "shift" and I noticed the foreman experienced some confusion in keeping "track" of the workmen. One of the workmen was sent onto the roof to fix portions of the cornice that bore crooked places, even after the other workmen were supposed to have finished it. I recognized the man's voice and knew who he was. We were dressed alike, about the same size; and undoubtedly bore a strong resemblance to each other. We had been "dubbed" "The Twins" by our fellow workmen.

My counterpart went on to the roof to work on the cornice.

Soon I heard a noise, a short yell, a commotion outside and men running and hollering. Then I heard Parkhurst say "it is

Mason; he probably was trying to jump from one roof to the other and didn't quite catch the objective roof."

I remembered there were several loads of big, building rock that lay between these two buildings; and grew sick at heart at the probable fate of my double.

Then I heard some one say "we will have to get a basket for the rest of him!" Soon I could hear policemen below; still, Parkhurst evidently had the charge of affairs. He said:

"Mason was a distant cousin of mine; his home is in Vermont. No; I will not send the remains to his home town. It would not only disturb his father, but would cause some publicity, which, I know, he would seek to avoid, providing he could talk and were not all smashed into pieces.

"The Potter's Field is good enough for him. And if he were alive he would say 'bury me there!'"

——I almost agreed with Parkhurst as to that part——

——"he lived a simple life and was almost simple himself. I shall"——

——My remains quivered and trembled in a rage on the rocks and I tried to collect myself together sufficiently to give him a good sound wallop on the jaw, but I couldn't find that old right arm of mine.

——"I shall——he was a believer in his God, consecrated and devout and if I knew how to pray I would kneel before his God and ask blessings"——I tried to kneel with him but one of my leg-bones was jammed in between two rocks and stuck straight up in the air——

——"for us both. I have a mind now to take the money out of my own pocket and hire a minister to pray over these dear remains——

——My heart was touched and rolled over twice until it landed against a "2 x 4" lying on the ground. Then I next tried to find my pocketbook to help pay the minister, but some one must have picked it up and carelessly put it in their pocket——

"Nothing could be more fitting than to hold his funeral right here by these rocks, he said, upon which he died. And let them, too, be a witness to the last requiem of a man who died a martyr—even if it were his own cause!"

——This eloquent outburst of sublime passions was too

much for me and I tried to say, "Amen!" but my mouth was so full of gravel that I found it difficult to articulate. And I was glad they intended holding my obsequies right here, for my audiphone was working well and I could approximately attend my own funeral.

He started to walk away. I thought I could hear tears falling. I could not help but weep small rivers of my own tears; and they were so strong of alkaline that two small rocks, in a pool formed below, nearly floated away.

The remains were taken away; the workmen all quit and left the job because of a certain depression and some superstition, also, among them.

A stillness hung over the building that was like a pall, so I was left to my own fate or destiny. I had been imprisoned nearly eighteen hours and was feeling the pangs of hunger sharply; my mouth and lips were parched, swollen and cracking for the want of water.

But now that I was all alone I began working as fast as I could. I found a piece of joist that nearly reached across the bottom of the chute; and, by adding some more blocks, I provided a fulcrum, or bait, over which I could pry with my lever, or joist. I was thus able to pry off the last board I had nailed on; and soon had removed a sufficient number to allow my passage through.

I did not want to go home, or permit anyone to know that I was alive and out—only Frank. I felt that I might have better success with the Parkhurst gang if my operations were clandestine.

Accordingly I went to an obscure lodging-house and telephoned Frank to go and get my tools and bring me some better clothes. He did. Then I moved into the Back Bay, to a select hotel, and registered under another name.

I was planning on going back to Vermont, but not until I was sure the beads preceded me. The Parkhurst gang together with the "K. K. C." men, had all been discharged from the So. Boston job, so there was no need of Frank's staying there any longer. The daily papers had given an account of my four story fall onto a pile of rocks, with instant death. Therefore I formed the opinion that the beads would be more in display

now and would move around more freely; even before they were sent to Vermont.

I did not want to show myself, or even let the world know that I was alive,—certainly until after the beads had been sent back to Vermont.

This was a good base for my operation; and I had Frank send Charlie over to my new room. I got an adjoining room for him and opened up my new detective office. Charlie showed unusual aptitude for this kind of work; and I learned from him that he was once connected with our secret service Bureau at Peking, China. He could change his role much more easily and quickly than I could. A few clothes would alter his guise completely and little or no suspicion would attach to him, as being a spy.

I told Charlie that he must watch Parkhurst and the beads, and keep me informed of any evident, proposed change by them. I said "keep in touch with Frank all of the time but don't let anyone see you two together."

It was not long after Charlie had assumed his new role before he told me one night that he had located Parkhurst. He was doing work for him. I asked him in what capacity.

Charlie was well-educated and could speak as good English as I could if it suited his purpose to do so.

Charlie then told me that he had engaged work in a laundry near Parkhurst's and by special inducements and solicits had secured Parkhurst's work. He continued. "I made special arrangements for delivery days and do his collecting and delivering myself."

This sounded good to me; and believed Charlie had a better chance for watching Parkhurst's movements than could be had in almost any other way.

One night Charlie came home with this information: He said, "I have laundered a beautiful silk suit for Mrs. Parkhurst and a white silk waistcoat for Parkhurst today. There are a banquet and ball to be given on — Avenue by the Knights of —, tonight, and I am inclined to believe Parkhurst and his wife will be there. Don't you think you had better go?"

Parkhurst and I both belonged to the Knights of —. I told Charlie that, provided I could attend and not be noticed

by Parkhurst, I would go. Charlie said you come with me and I will fix you out.

We went to a French hair-dressing parlors and outfitters, and when I left there I was enmasked with a very stylish Van Dyke beard and wig to match.

At 8:30 Charlie and I were on hand, only I took a seat in the spectator's gallery, where I could observe what was going on and not become too familiar with anyone.

The ball-room was beautiful. Streamers of red-white-and-blue were festooned from the center of the room. In the center suspended a large bell made of white roses, lined with red carnations, from the center of which also suspended a pendant of white carnations, sprinkled with small, red-white-and-blue incandescent lights. The effect was wonderful and the sweet-laden draughts that floated across to your nostrils would remind you of some halcyon days you still hoped to spend in the Elysian Gardens. The costly, elegant gowns and garments, worn by the bon ton of this fashionable, aristocratic district, served to excite wonder, amazement and admiration. The gods above must have despoiled their thrones of their wealth of gold and treasure for this paragon of beauty.

The music could not be seen, but it was there—somewhere; perhaps emanating from behind that barrier of draperies and cords that hung nearly from ceiling to floor. First it would pick you up quickly, abruptly; then seat you on the undulating waves of pauses, rhythm, modulation and perfect melody. Its effect was to incite and lead, then to excite or challenge. It was exquisite, clearing, intoxicating.

Nothing in, or about, the hall was harsh. Nothing jarred upon your nerves,—not even the slamming of a door, a heavy foot-fall, or the scraping of a strident voice. Perfection was the mark and the esthetic had been attained.

I sat there chafing under my chains of policy and restriction. I wanted to get up and mingle with my pals in amusement—male and female, alike. I could hear—yes, feel—the call of the orchestration of concordant sounds, harmonies and beats. The violin pleaded with me; and the cornet enraged me; the drum challenged me; but of no use! I was fixed! and must remain fixed! I was there for a purpose and not to be entertained.

I saw Ethel. She was charming beyond any description. I wanted to descend into their midst and take her into my arms for this waltz already announced. But no! Parkhurst came onto the floor and glided around with ease and grace, in spite of the artificial foot. He certainly was a gentleman of accomplishments, stressing the "accomplishments" and skimming over the other lightly.

I at once recognized Frank in a uniform. I caught his eye and beckoned to him. He told me that he had obtained the appointment as a "Special" through the police department, which he had importuned. He said, "I told the Chief there probably would be trouble here tonight."

"Do you really anticipate it?" I asked.

"Hardly," he replied; but this is the only way I could gain an entrance, and I did not want to let Parkhurst get out of my sight."

"Have you any news?" I asked.

"Not yet," he answered; but I am working on the case continuously and something may develop any time now.

I then said to Charlie, "I would like to meet Mrs. Vandretta. Would you bring her up here and give me an introduction? I am Count Parnell."

Soon Charlie returned with Mrs. Parkhurst on his arm:—"Count, I would like to have you meet Mrs. Earle Vandretta":—"Count Parnell of France, Mrs. Vandretta."

I asked Ethel to be seated. We engaged in a general conversation touching upon timely topics. Then we became a little more personal and I remarked upon the beauty of her beads.

"Count Parnell," she said, "I do not want to give you the wrong impression concerning the ownership of these beads. They are not mine; neither are they loaned nor borrowed.- The circumstances under which I am permitted to wear them are decidedly peculiar, yet painful. My husband—'please do not repeat a word of this'; (I promised)—has become deeply involved in a matter I call ethics, as touching upon the beads and will not permit me even to demur when the question of wearing them is mentioned. And there is upon my shoulders a greater sense of responsibility than I can possibly sustain. And the time is coming when I will probably deliver them to the true

owner, even though it may destroy my happiness and possibly cost me my life. My husband has many times threatened me."

She interrupted her half-musings to say, "Count Parnell, it seems to me that I must have known you; and I have never before felt like revealing myself and my secrets as I am doing now."——

Her voice was growing weak and I noticed she was extremely pale.

—"but I am going to ask you to advise and help me in this matter that is driving me insane, even before it is too late. What I want to ask you is this: "Should I"——

She swooned and started to fall to the floor. I saw she was in a near-convulsion and grabbed her. She threw her arms over her head and began clutching at the air desperately with her fingers. They came in contact with my Van Dyke and soon my face was as clean of any hirsute adornments as it must have been the day I was born.

Every one was excited. I had placed Ethel back in a chair and was standing before her. I heard a familiar voice and turned to see Parkhurst pointing a gun at my head.

He said, "I am sick and tired of your vagrancies and constant intrusion into our personal and family affairs! Even though I may be in the presence of a large company, my spirit is undaunted and you will pay for this act of yours, by the only penalty that can satisfy an outraged husband. Furthermore I now can deal with you with impunity, as I have the unwritten law behind me. That will be my defense.

We were both standing, and facing each other. I held his eye as any fighting animal is in the habit of doing; but did not dare to move a muscle.

I did not really see just what happened, then, or how it occurred, but the gun exploded; an arc light crashed in the ceiling above and went out. I was aware, however, that Charlie had dashed from behind and knocked Parkhurst's arm high in the air. I was still cool and self-possessed. And before he could lower his automatic for another aim I landed on his chin. He went over a chair into a heap on the floor. The next instant Frank appeared on the scene; also the owner, or manager, of the hall.

The manager pointing to me, said to Frank, "Arrest that

man at once and take him to the police station! At this juncture Frank interposed and endeavored to explain my situation when the manager again said, "Take him along! I formally lodge a complaint against him; and you have one duty to perform. You cannot exercise your authority as a Judge!"

So Frank and I started for the Police Station. On the way Frank said, "perhaps you could get away if you tried very hard!"

"But I am not going to try," I replied; the escape would injure you and would be an irreparable injury to me. I would have to hide, or secrete myself the rest of my life."

I was assigned to my cell at the Police Station and then pushed in through the door.

I was tired and wanted to lie down, but not to sleep! There were too many incidents of a recent date that I wanted to review while alone. My bed was an iron cot hung to the wall, on one side, by hinges. I dropped it to the floor; took the one blanket that was provided, spread it on the cot and lay down. Then I began to think. I was satisfied Frank would do all he possibly could for me and knew there was little I could do myself, while in confinement, that would, in any way promote the interest of my case. I at last went to sleep.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER MY COURT TRIAL I RETURN TO VERMONT.

I awoke the next morning. Frank Van Loon was standing at the outside of my door. He said, "I telephoned to your cousin, Lawyer S——, in Vermont, last night. He is coming down on the noon train and will defend you and I think we will have you out of here before night. I have had your case put on the docket, and it may take precedence over the civil cases and be heard today.

My cousin from Vermont arrived and I was taken before the bar in the Superior Court. I was arraigned on the charge of assault with intent to kill.

The prosecuting attorney produced evidence and testimony to show that I was an avowed enemy to Parkhurst, and had attacked him several times before. It was claimed the shooting was done in self-defense. He had quite an array of witnesses, while I, alone, appeared on the stand in my own defense.

Testimony had been adduced; pleas had been made; and the case rested. The Judge then proceeded to instruct the jury. About every other word from his mouth spelled "doom" for me. And it began to look pretty dark. Six or eight years did not seem incompatible with the coming sentence. The Judge was pretty well along with his 'charge,' when Charlie stepped over to my lawyer and talked for about five minutes. Then my cousin arose and said, "Your Honor: In order to avert expense for the State by, or through, a new trial, may I ask and beg your leniency to grant the defense an opportunity to submit, for your kind consideration, some entirely new evidence that has just now, been brought to my attention?"

In order that this new evidence might be presented and justice, perhaps better served thereby, the Judge allowed Charlie to take the stand. In recalling the part that he had taken in the affray, he said, "You will find a sore place on Vandretta's right wrist, the size of this big diamond on my finger, caused by my striking his arm upward at the time he shot the re-

volver. And that was what caused the bullet to break the arc light overhead. Charlie stood, without flinching, all the grilling he was subjected to, by the prosecutor and came from under this tirade of verbal, legal thrusts, unscathed and unshaken. This completely changed the relation of the previous evidence to the case, as it had been presented, and now it bore a new and different aspect. The Judge then continued his instruction to the jury; but that was changed, also.

I was discharged by the Court and exonerated of all blame.

The Judge then turned to me: "do I understand you lodge this evidence against Vandretta as a charge and complaint and will have a warrant issued for his arrest?"

"No"; I answered, emphatically; "other questions, of far more importance would suffer, thereby. I will drop the case. I have private interests under consideration that must not be given too much publicity."

I told my cousin-lawyer that he might be needed later in handling some of my affairs. Our meeting then broke up and we dispersed. I went to my room.

No one but Charlie, Frank and Ethel had heard of my new title, "Count Parnell;" and I was glad that I had this pseudonym under which to work.

I hired a typewriter to use, in order to avoid my own hand in writing notes or letters, when I found it necessary to do any corresponding.

As soon as I was out of my late court, I sat at my new machine and wrote to Ethel:

"My dear Mrs. Vandretta:

"I was exceedingly glad to meet you on the evening of the 15th inst.

"Your history of your extremely poignant case has caused me many sad reflections since that time. Let me offer you a little kindly advice: Do not try to identify yourself, as a factor or agency, in returning the beads to any real or fanciful owner. You must consider your own health and welfare first. After all, the beads (as wonderfully beautiful as they are) are only dead, inanimate objects. And they cannot compare with the beautiful character that I saw in you that evening. Let your health and happiness be the chief concern; the beads, secondary.

"I dare say that the beads will always be yours, to have and hold, whatever contingencies may arise.

I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours,
Count Parnell.

348—— Road,
Boston, Mass.

Frank and Spot came to my room one evening. He said, "I have a job to do tomorrow. I was at Parkhurst's rooms today and Ethel told me that Parkhurst was going to send the beads away tomorrow. She did not say where, but he has already taken them from her and has prepared them for shipment. And I intend to ascertain where he sends them."

"Can you do it?" I asked.

"I think I can," he replied.

The next afternoon Charlie came in and said, "I have looked for Frank this afternoon but have not yet been unable to locate him.

I then heard a dog whining at the door and opened it to let in Spot. He had a glove in his mouth. I at once recognized it as being one of a pair I had loaned to Frank the night before. I said to Charlie, put on your coat and hat; you and I will follow Spot; there is trouble ahead for us!" Spot took us along Beacon St. to a point near the Boston and Albany Railroad, where we descended to the tracks. We went along under the bridge. One of the tracks was not in constant use and upon this lay Frank, gagged and bound, hand-and-foot. I yanked the gag from his mouth. He managed to say that a train was due soon. I bent to lift him up, but he was tied to the rail. I unfastened the cords and ropes just before a fast train rushed over this same track.

Frank said, "I was following Parkhurst with a package, which I am sure are your beads, when some one came up behind me and hit me on the head. This was the last I remember until Spot awoke me by licking my face and barking. Very soon I realized my predicament and was a little afraid my time had come. Then I remembered the gloves I had borrowed of you and at last succeeded in extricating one of them from my coat pocket. Spot was loyal to me and stood by until I gave him the glove." Frank admitted that he did

grow a little uneasy before I reached him to make a rescue.

We concluded it might have been Klondike Kill that came up behind and knocked him senseless, as he and Parkhurst were together a great deal lately.

Frank and I started for our respective rooms when Charlie said, "I have a clue on Parkhurst that I want to follow up and will be at my room in an hour. If I am not in by that time take Spot and hunt me up." He handed me a handkerchief from his pocket.

The hour had passed. Charlie had not appeared and I took the handkerchief and let Spot smell of it. Then we started. Spot took me by the way of our late scene at the railroad track; then directly to Parkhurst's rooming-house. He went to the back door and appeared to be uneasy. I held my hand over his muzzle for a half-minute, which I had learned was a good sign for the dog to keep still. I then tried the door; it was not locked.

I entered carefully; and could hear some one breathing heavily. Spot tugged at his leash, but I pulled him up to me and again muzzled his mouth. This was a flat and I had learned that Parkhurst occupied the front part as living quarters. I opened another door and went in. Still another door stood ajar two inches, by which I could see a streak of light. I went to the crack and looked in. Parkhurst stood by a big trunk packing articles inside. I saw him place two or three suits in the trunk and decided right then that these were preparations for a Vermont trip.

Nothing to be gained by watching Parkhurst any longer, so I retreated to the first room I had entered. Spot insisted on tugging at the leash. I put my hand upon the wall and felt around until I touched an electric light button. I turned the switch, at the same time looking at the other side of the room. There lay Charlie stretched on the floor. I went over and shook him but he did not respond. I then picked up the strap handle to a black-jack, which told the whole story.

I then took Charlie in my arms and carried him out and into an all-night drugstore. Then telephoned to a hospital for an ambulance, as Charlie was still unconscious. After making arrangements for his care, I telephoned Frank to get ready to leave with me for Vermont in the morning. Then

after packing up my things in my room I lay down on my couch for a nap.

Arising in good season, I finished getting ready for my trip and was about to leave for the depot when Charlie appeared. I said, "this will save me a trip back to Boston to get the girls and the rest of my things." I told him to pack up the remainder of my belongings, take Mary and Sally and follow me as soon as possible. He went to the depot with me and I bought him tickets for the three.

After an uneventful journey Frank and I reached Vermont and were soon at home at the lumber camp. We were glad to get back but Spot was even more so.

Mr. Daniels said he was just at the point of telegraphing me to come home and take things in hand again as the operations were getting into full swing. We were soon "back in the harness" and I had the full charge as usual. Frank was ever at my right hand to see that my orders were properly executed. And the pendulum to our big works began to swing with the rhythmic precision of former days. Nearly all of my old bosses, or foremen were on hand, which helped me materially in reorganizing my different crews. The crews consisted mostly of new men, whom I had never seen before. This was really my vacation! For I had never engaged in anything, work or play, from which I could derive an equal amount of comfort, pleasure and enjoyment. The huge machine was well attuned to execute and carry on the details of the system, as well as the more perplexing, ponderous problems of the business.

Mr. Daniels was very agreeable as an associate in the business, and I soon found time to begin writing a novel, with the intentions of naming it "The Unmarried Man." I had an abundance of material at hand. I could not only study and observe my characters from a good point of vantage, but I was imbibing and drinking with them as it seemed, from the very nectar of the wood's life, itself.

I began to mingle with "the boys" more freely; to help bear their troubles and woes; to share with them in their joys and fun; to play their games; to engage with them in their wit and repartee—give and take "let the quips fall where they may;" in fine, I entered into the very life of the boys and

accepted the results from their standpoint. This was to my advantage and I was touching the heart, the soul, the mind and the very being of the lumber man. The returns were more than commensurate: I was gaining their respect, their loyalty, their trust, their confidence and their fellowship, which is the pride of any he-man.

Charlie arrived after two days, with the personal property I had left in Boston; and was also accompanied by Mary and Sally and Dr. Bottsfly.

We gave the girls work in the camp; and the doctor was given a contract to administer medical aid to the needs of the help in our employ, at a respectable salary. However, it was not necessary for him to devote all of his time to our men, which gave him opportunity for an outside practice.

When I told Mr. Daniels of the capacity in which Charlie was employed by me, he said, "that is alright; put him on my payroll; the more assistance you have in your own personal affairs, the more effective and valuable will be your services to me." So Charlie became my valet and private secretary, if such you would call him.

It was now about the first of November. The air was cold and bracing. An occasional snowflake reminded us of the coming Vermont Winter. Harvesting was completed, save for the preparing, sorting and putting away of grains. Announcement was brought to the camp one day of a large husking-bee to be held at a farmer's down in the valley.

Camp was instantly astir and preparations were at hand for the coming event for "the boys." The place was nearly three miles distant, but we trekked down, two-hundred strong. It was estimated there were a thousand bushels of corn to husk out. Parkhurst and Ethel were there and four of his gangsters.

We arrived at the scene of activities and repaired immediately to the big barns, three of which were grouped together. The sounds of hilarity drifted to our ears with the "ping, pong," of hard ears of corn pelting against the inside of the barnsiding, to fall back on its own heap. As we entered we were greeted by the "halloes" of a hundred throats, even above the "swish-wish, bustle-rustle" of the constant, never-ending movement of the corn-husks and stalks.

Lanterns were hanging and swinging from nails, hooks,

wooden pins and ropes attached to posts, beams and braces. Sometimes they were clustered in twos and threes; and then a space would be dimly lighted, where the less-venturesome but romantic swain would likely sit, perhaps all the while edging up toward some bashful maiden. The party was seated mostly around, or along, the outer edges of the floor. Here they would strip down the husk from the big golden ear, break it off, perhaps, with no little effort and then throw it into the heaps of its own golden fruit. Twenty-five to seventy-five bushels would make an ordinary heap of yellow corn. Some young fellows would bring fresh bundles of our maize, laden with its fruit, to place in empty laps; then in turn would take away barren husks, or bundles, that had been cleaned. Singing, laughter and jollity came from all sides and corners of the big, barn floor.

Before I could be seated some one shouted "There is Jennie who has just found a red ear; don't miss her!" I looked at the young lady just indicated and she smiled. I, of course, accepted the challenge and, after quite a hard, heated tussle planted my pursed lips on her pink cheek. But this was not the end of signs, or operations, by any means. For nearly always, or at almost any time, some one would bob up with a red ear, or stealthily throw it into the pile. Then the task would be to find out who threw it in. Of course, the boys took advantages and exchanged, or stole, red ears, which, they would claim, entitled them to another trip at "going to Roam." Festivities were at their height; and were well-sustained by the good-natured, jolly, rollicking fellows and girls, young and old,—not to leave out the coquettish, who contributed their portion to the evening's fun. Everyone was young tonight, while some of them, the more sedate, more serious-minded, "made up" for the lost time of the frivolous and gay, by attending to their "knitting."

The corn was all "husked out;" it lay in huge piles, or heaps, of golden fruit, causing the floor to sag under its weight. Then we all repaired to the big farm-house for the last part of our festivities; and to partake of the bountiful supply of doughnuts, and cheese and coffee, with the big, fat-luscious, pumpkin pies and pickles and all the sweet cider we could drink. This was all the host and hostess could do in return

for the hand we had given them in husking their corn. But it was enough! We wanted to help husk their corn, and did; we came for a good time, and got it; we had looked forward two weeks to that bountiful supper and we had been satisfied! Then after "seeing the girls home" the boys adjourned to their homes to await another twelve-month for a similar good time.

But this is not the only social event of the winter in the rural communities. Games, parties, dances, sleigh--rides, and sociables are held every week,--some times two or three a week, when they nearly all got together for a general good time. And the advantage they hold over their city-cousins is the general, wide acquaintance which they have with nearly every one present. They really, have no strangers at their gatherings for everyone living in the community is known by the others.

Other features of the husking-bee had been not less attractive to me, perhaps. I noticed Parkhurst and Ethel were seated together; and twice, to my knowledge, she revealed a red-ear, which he hastily took away from her and secreted. Anyone could see he was exceedingly jealous. But "the boys" got even with him; for one time they noticed the treasure, or sign, and forcibly took her away from Parkhurst and did not permit her to return to him for fully twenty minutes. Parkhurst was angry; but the boys made lightly of it, so it did not avail him anything. But I noticed at the supper table that his manner was peeved and puerile. And to completely stage his part of the drama he had to go home without his wife! Ethel was crying and I asked her what was the trouble. She told me. I then had Charlie take my horse and buggy and carry her home; and I went a-foot to the camp. While walking home that night, I did some hard thinking: I could not endure to think that Ethel constantly was being subjected to this kind of treatment,--and at the hands of a man that I so despised! But what could I do? She was his wife!

Snow had fallen to a depth of four-and-one-half feet in the woods. We had a long haul to make of a big "cut" of timber, upon the range towards Parkhurst's house. We decided it would be more practicable to do this with horses; therefore, I bought and put on twenty teams of horses. A rural delivery

route had been established over this road, clear through, and by Parkhurst's.

Contact with the young people of the community meant more friendly relations with the boys in our camp. As we had traverse-sleds and teams, a suggestion of a big sleighing, or straw-ride, came to our attention one day. Arrangements were accordingly made and the time set. I was becoming somewhat of a fixture in our social life, so sent a note of invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Parkhurst. I sent a single rig to their place to take them to our camp, so as to be ready to embark with us at the journey's outset.

We started. Five teams, of six horses to each, were provided, with a carrying-capacity of seventy persons to each load. I had telephoned to a hotel at B—ville to arrange to furnish a hot supper for the entire company. A subscription amongst the boys had been taken for the occasion. A prize of one dollar on each load for the best story told, had the tendency to stimulate interest in all kinds of yarns; and while adding zest to the art of story-telling, provided much mirth for the listeners. Singing of all kinds was the leading pastime. This was aided by many small musical instruments; and with the constant jingling of sleigh-bells and cow bells every chorus was one grand concert. Not to mention the harsh, blatant notes from the supply of horns—some, muisical and some, not. Coquetry had not been left out; and an occasional petting-party, curled up by itself, was the subject of much fun and mirth.

The moon stood high in the heavens and bore the semblance of having one eye partly closed to our fun-making.

We reached the hotel and after warming up by three or four different stoves, we seated ourselves by "numbers" at the tables. Thus the party was all mixed up, male and female. Big bowls of a hot, steaming oyster-stew were set on our plates, followed by salads, hot meat pies, cake and coffee. After supper an hour was spent stepping the light fantastic at the strains of five violins and a cornet. Some grouped around the piano for more singing, while others hugged the stoves.

I had been dancing; so had Ethel. The hotel proprietor, Mr. Downer, then stepped up to me and said, "Mr. Mason, I have noticed your success as a chaperone of this large excur-

sion and want to congratulate you! I have not seen you dancing very much, but now would like to see you lead the next dance with the belle of the evening, Mrs. Parkhurst. Ethel was standing by and heard the conversation. She could not well object to the arrangements, so, we took our places at the head of the next set.

After this dance, which was the final one, I stepped out onto the piazza for a cigar, when Parkhurst came out and walked up to me. He said, "Your social relations with my wife, from now on, must absolutely cease. Your intrepidity is becoming unbearable and if you do not cease these attentions, I will shoot you in the back as I would a dog." I challenged him to a duel right then but he walked away.

The sleds were hauled up to the piazza and were soon loaded; and we started for our "straw ride" back home. Parkhurst and Ethel decided to go over with us for the ride and its pleasure and then return on the morning stage.

We passed Parkhurst's house and made the long climb to the top of the range, then began to descend on the other side to the camp and hotel down in the village. We came to the last hill before reaching our camp and started to make its steep descent. Parkhurst and wife had been given the place of honor beside of the two drivers, which was attached to the front of the "bunt-board."

We had pitched over the top of the steep hill, when one of the pole-straps, to the harness broke. This let the load onto the horse's heels and they began to kick and plunge. Then all six horses broke loose from the driver's restraint and control and raced at a maddened pace down the hill, endeavoring to keep out of the way of the on-rushing load.

Both Parkhurst and the driver were thrown from the seat at the first rise, or water-bar; but Ethel still clung to her seat. There was nothing any of us could do. The reins were flying and dangling in the air. At the next water-bar, Ethel was thrown forward from the seat and pitched to the road in front of the sled and between the horses. The blood all rushed to my head! But I was powerless to act! Before we reached the next water-bar, the sled swerved to one side and ran into a big snowbank and the horses broke away and continued on their wild race.

I jumped from the sled and ran back a few steps where lay Ethel in the middle of the road. The sled had passed over her. I stooped and picked her up. Was she unconscious? Or was she dead?

I did not stop to ascertain. With her body in my arms, I rushed for the camp, which was but a few steps farther ahead. I carried her directly to my room which was the best in the camp, and called Dr. Bottsfly. He said she was still alive; and after using restoratives, had her breathing normally. But she was unconscious three hours. I had found Dr. Bottsfly to be a very skillful surgeon and a man of excellent judgment. He found slight contusions on her head and body; but the worst was a broken arm.

Soon after the accident the driver and Parkhurst appeared; the latter rushing into the room and demanding his wife's removal to his house at once. But the doctor put his foot down on that proposition and said, "No; she will stay in this room for two weeks at the least!"

"But," Parkhurst added, "I shall have to stay at home to see to the water-works in the house, or it will all freeze up."

"That will be a good place for you!" remarked the doctor, rather succinctly.

Parkhurst went home the next morning. Ethel was doing well under the care of Dr. Bottsfly and a private nurse which I had secured to care for her. It was not long before she was able to be dressed and sit up.

One evening Mr. Daniels and I were sitting alone with Ethel. During our conversation, Mr. Daniels said, "Mrs. Parkhurst, you have a strikingly familiar look, may I ask, who was your mother?"

Ethel replied, "My mother was an Averill; I have her photograph in my hand satchel—if you will please hand it to me." I handed her the little bag. She took out the picture and handed it to Mr. Daniels. He looked at the picture then stared at me; then stared at Ethel for a half-minute. Then he stammered to Ethel brokenly, "My daughter!"

His arms were extended toward her, but he did not move. I think he was unable to stir.

Ethel's attitude was one of concern and full of interest.

She was on the *qui vive*. She spoke hurriedly and as if wanting breath: "Explain to me, please!"

Now that he had partially recovered, he began to talk calmly and measuredly: "The woman in that picture was my second wife. She was a widow when I married her. At that time she had a baby boy, one year old, William. I lived with her one year and then we parted. I could not endure the woman. She was 'hell-upon-wheels!' She ran away and I have not heard of her since. We had but one child; and that one she took with her. And you are my baby girl!"—Ethel was in his arms instantly. I imagined the scene would be rather touching and so turned away. I coughed two or three times and then went out into the yard.

CHAPTER XIX

ETHEL AND HER FATHER MAKE PLANS FOR
THE FUTURE.

It must have been an hour before I returned to Ethel's room. She and Mr. Daniels were yet visiting. "Oh Edgar!" she cried, "We have our plans all made. Sometime I am coming back to live with Daddie!"

"Perhaps so!" I again coughed, and then went out.

Three weeks had passed and Ethel still remained with us. In her late accident she had sustained an injury to one of her lungs that caused an extreme frailty and was responsible for a great susceptibility to colds and slight attacks of congestion. The doctor said she must not be subjected to any severe or long exposures until this condition had entirely cleared up. He said, "she is in fit condition for a run of pneumonia, which might develop alarmingly inside of twelve hours. But if we now exercise care and precaution with her she will be as tough as the deer running through our woods, even by next Spring. I shall not let her leave here for six weeks yet."

As we all expected, Parkhurst protested to the edict and was very insistent upon moving his wife home. But the doctor was firm and immobile to his pleas, and threats, as well. Ethel finally ended the controversy by saying, calmly but decidedly, "No; I shall not go home until Dr. Bottsfly says it will be perfectly proper that I should."

The height of my pleasure and enjoyment was attained when I felt that I could pass the long evenings in the presence of Ethel. Many hours were thus spent at the whist-table, or the piano. She was vivacious, jolly and always ready for fun; was accomplished at the piano, a good singer and an excellent entertainer; and never found wanting in taking, or doing, her part in our social life. Upon one time, when Ethel and I were talking aside, she remarked to me: "This has been the pleasantest time of my life; I just dread going back home!" And I believed her.

One day it was raining hard. The girls and kitchen-help

had all gone to the mill to dig spruce gum from a big, fruitful log, before it was run by the log-saw. Mr. Daniels, Ethel and I were left alone in the house. I was sitting at my desk, which I had moved into the large office, or men's room, so as to accommodate Ethel. Mr. Daniels was in his daughter's room visiting; as I had noticed they were in the habit of doing a great deal lately.

The door was open and I heard Ethel say, "Something must be done! I cannot endure this mental strain and anguish. The worry over those beads is breaking me down. Not infrequently do I wake up in the middle of the night and set about at once to plan on some way that the beads may be returned to Edgar. I occupy a very unique, though regrettable position. Father! I never told anyone before, but I must tell you! Try to help me!

"I married Earle Parkhurst for the sole purpose of getting hold of some clues concerning those beads; and in this way return them to their rightful owner, Edgar Mason. But not until I had taken these marriage vows did I realize their real meaning and import. I promised at the altar to love, trust and obey my husband; and where my life, health and welfare can be consistently guarded and observed in so doing I shall endeavor to live up to these sacred vows and do my part, whatever may be his conduct. I can see only one thing that can break these solemn vows and this tie—death. God hath joined us! who can put asunder? No; I did not realize the awful step I was taking! But, after all is said, it may be God's will that I give up my own happiness just to minister to the welfare and needs of this poor, wicked husband of mine. If this be the case I then certainly want to do my part. I love him just because I pity him! Under this light my heart cries out for him!—more; my heart aches for him!—for his dear soul!

"I have never failed to get his meals—and I am considered to be a good cook—, but have seen him step to the door and throw the food outside, because I did not happen to have on the table just what he wanted! have mended his socks, when he would step up to the stove and throw them into the fire, because there was a thread of yarn knotted up! I have sat up with him three days and nights without a wink of sleep, when

he would swear at me unmercifully because I suggested getting some one to help me; and have rubbed his forehead at times, when he would knock me to the floor prostrate, because I did not stroke harder!

"But in spite of all of his very bad faults, I pity him! My heart aches for him! And there is no other course I can pursue. But I am glad, Dear Father, that you have permitted me to tell you all about this. It has helped me! And I now feel better. Only am sorry I have distressed you with my story!"

"Daughter, I am glad you have told me the truth about your situation; and I think I can help you. First, you must not return to that cruel husband of yours. I will provide a home for you. And then we will institute proceedings for a divorce on the grounds of intolerable severity. You need have no further worry for your future."

"But, father, you do not understand my very painful situation yet! I told you that I cannot, nor will not, leave my husband under these circumstances, nor for any pretexts of this nature, however genuine, or chimerical, they may be. And while the beads are still the chief source of my worries and troubles, I shall continue to live with him as long as he has the possession of them; and shall continue to prevail upon him if possible, to return the beads to Edgar. That was my reason for marrying him and I shall not give up nor relinquish this right, or purpose, while there is promise or hope. This is my final and only decision; and my future acts must conform to this line of procedure.

"What else can I do? To steal them, in order to restore them to their real owner, is to add one crime to another; to murder him in order to gain their undisputed possession is even far worse. The beads are not yet mine for a disposition. This is my conception of the case and its ethics; and I cannot deviate from this line of moralizing until I am convinced that I am wrong. If I were convinced of my error, I would hand the beads over to Edgar this minute! My health and happiness, perhaps life, will depend on this outcome."

"But, daughter, could you buy the beads of him?—would he accept a price for them? And do you know, or could you imagine, what that would be?"

"He was once offered \$200,000. for them. But before the

deal was consummated the plans or proceedings, were frustrated by Edgar through his information of the ways and means Parkhurst had obtained them. I have known of his offering them to other parties for \$100,000."

I then heard Mr. Daniels say, please hand me my check book." I soon heard him tear a slip of paper and immediately, Ethel began to read: "Pay to the order of Earl Parkhurst, or bearer, \$100,000,—Herbert Daniels."

Mr. Daniels continued, "that order, or cheque is negotiable paper and you must not let anyone get hold of it, until you are ready to deliver it for the beads. It happens to be the only form I have with me at the present time. It is more convenient for my help to handle, as some of them can not write or sign their names."

"But, father, I can not accept such an immense sum of money as that, as a gift, or even as a loan. I could never repay it and would become crushed under its weight and worry."

"Daughter you will accept that cheque! I am getting along in years and would much rather see my money and property go to help you and make you happy than to keep it and pick away at it myself, when I know I will be able to get along without it."

The next morning the postman brought a letter from a certain lawyer nearby announcing that suit had been brought against Mrs. Parkhurst for a divorce by one Earle Parkhurst, alleging desertion and infidelity. The weekly newspaper, a county organ, contained the same announcement, with a trial to be held at the next June term of Court. The letter further alleged seduction by one Edgar Mason, et al, (including Mr. Daniels); and the correspondents Edgar Mason and Mr. Daniels would be jointly sued for the sum of \$50,000. and her name exposed and dragged down into the mire of social scorn and ostracism, unless the above amount were immediately forthcoming, to satisfy the claimant and stay proceedings.

We all three read the letter but had very little to say. I noticed Mr. Daniels was very pensive and appeared to be pained by recent developments.

Ethel announced that she was now feeling alright and was going back home tomorrow morning. She was determined and

accordingly, arrangements were made for her transportation. She said, "I will use this cheque to purchase those beads, let whatever else happen that may."

A week had elapsed since Ethel's going, when Mr. Daniels received a letter from Ethel saying she had been unable to effect any kind of negotiations with Parkhurst, whereby she could regain the beads. She said, "He has demanded the cheque of me, without giving up the beads; and has threatened to shoot me if I do not deliver it."

Mr. Daniels sat down immediately and wrote Ethel to burn the cheque for its protection and her own, as well. But, as it proved, by later information she never received the letter. She had locked the cheque up in her private trunk.

CHAPTER XX

SPRINGTIME IN THE CAMP.

Spring was once more at hand. Pussywillows were shooting their heads up through late snow-banks, vieing with the calling and twittering of birds, as an omen of an early summer. The air was fresh and clean, yet laden with the sweet-smelling perfumes of the different spring flowers; and with the earthly smell of the nearby woods, where the small, but swollen streams had torn away the top-soil to expose an underlying strata of fresh, dark loam. Only an occasional patch of snow could be found in some dark, sheltering retreat of the woods. The rod had made its appeal to the lover of the wild and out-of-doors and fishing was in full swing. The water was warm and inviting. Spring was here.

But our great unwieldy camp was alive with its activities and we could not stop to heed the call back to Nature. Business must come first and we could not stop for recreation.

I had made a "cut," estimated at a million feet of lumber on the other side of the range next to Parkhurst's; and on the furthest corner of our lot. Owing to mountain cliffs and barriers of high ledges, Mr. Daniels and I decided that it was not advisable, nor practicable, to haul the "cut" of timber over to our mill. Therefore I sold this entire "cut" to a Mr. Curtis, a mill owner, on the other side of the range. In hauling the logs to his mill it was necessary to cross a neck of land belonging to Parkhurst. I had not anticipated much trouble in making arrangement for this cession, or grant, and was surprised when he refused to let me traverse the small piece of land, even for a good consideration. So I went to Mr. Curtis for a consultation. We decided that I could boom and float the logs down the river to Mr. Curtis's mill in one master-drive.

The stream was of good size at the point where it left our lot; and at this place I decided to make the boom. The

river here ran next to Parkhurst's land and was not far from his house.

The boom was built and soon the "jam" was filled with the big "cut" of our valuable timber. I had nearly all of our teams hauling our logs, on this side of the range, to fill up the boom. It seemed as if the entire "camp activities" had been shifted to this side of the mountain. The hauling was completed and I was now waiting for the Spring rains, which we must necessarily depend upon in order to raise the river and float the logs with facility to their destination, Mr. Curtis's mill.

I had sent the help all back to camp to await the rise in the river. I did not go over with the "boys" as I decided I might better call and see Ethel before driving home with my Ford Truck.

I was met at the door by Parkhurst. Ethel came out by him before we had time to speak. He said to her, "Back into that house at once!" She did not obey him and he stepped down and slapped her beside of the face. Instantly, I slapped him soundly and he went sprawling on the ground. He arose and went into the house saying, "I would settle for that little act of assault."

"I would be only too glad to pay if I could slap your face every time I feel like it!" I replied.

Then Ethel said, "Edgar I am just about frantic! I do not know what to say or do. The beads are again missing and someone, whom I know must be my husband, has broken into my trunk and stolen the cheque that daddie gave me to use. What shall I do? And living with that brute—if he is my husband—is next to the impossible!"

"Ethel, I am very sorry," I replied, "but I can not help you now. I have this big drive on my hands and have to watch it constantly. And then, any day, the water may rise sufficiently for us to break the boom and attend to the drive."

I had detailed six men to patrol and watch the boom, of course, fearing depredations, by some maliciously-inclined marauders,—especially, Parkhurst and his gang. Before leaving for camp, however, I decided to make another inspection of the boom.

I was approaching the boom-post, next to Parkhurst's house,

when I noticed a small wire crossing a rivulet, one part leading in the direction of the boom. Instead of going toward the boom I traced the wire in the opposite direction. It ended in the shelter of a big ledge, forming a sort of a cove. There I discovered an electric battery, fully equipped, with handles and levers exposed, apparently ready for instant use. I then went back and traced out the other end of the wire. I worked carefully and disclosed three sticks of dynamite buried under turf and leaves, right beside of the boom-post. With my knowledge of electricity, I was able to soon disconnect the wires, remove about ten feet of it; and then conceal my operations. I then removed the dynamite and told the patrolmen of my discovery; and warned them to watch out for any further clandestine works.

Then returning to headquarters, I proceeded to organize a crew for my contemplated drive. I went to Bellows Falls and hired eighteen expert river drivers; took them back to camp and set them at other work, until a flood-tide would permit us to float the logs with safety. I had noticed that three of the men on my new list bore very familiar faces.—“Where had I seen them before?” I reflected. At last I decided I had seen one of them in the “K. K. C.” rooms in Boston. Then, when one of the men went into dinner at camp one day, I found a “K. K. C.” button on his cap, that he had left in the office.

“What was I coming to?” I asked myself. Go where I may, I was due to run into some of this band of a predatory disposition; and with minds and purposes of an inimical nature and tendency.

One day I called Frank Van Loon into my office for a consultation. We seated ourselves, then I said, “Frank there is an element in our camp that is obnoxious and, even injurious, to our organization as a unit. Accidents of no trivial account, or even a disaster, affecting our entire camp-life in its very essence, are liable to occur at any time. And, with our log-drive in immediate projection, there is too much at issue, too much at stake, too much capital and property involved to continue as we are now doing; and without adopting some precautionary measures and safe-guards for our protection. Our lives may be involved—who knows?”

“Now I have a plan partly evolved for organizing our loyal

members of the crew into a club, which I would call 'Comrades Combative Club,' with the sole object of better serving the members as individuals and the organization as a unit and factor in our industrial life. Our objects would be to further encourage the combative qualities of members, where needed to promote these interests and protect the members and his organization; to protect themselves from any insidious and deceptive tricks, likely to emanate from any person connected, directly, or indirectly, with our industrial interests. We would use for our watch words this form: "I will defend and protect my work and my employer's interests;" our motto to be 'Combateness and Self Protection.'" Frank agreed with me as to the needs for some such methods to be adopted to combat the underhanded work of Parkhurst and his gang, the "K.K.C." He also endorsed my plan for coping with their tricks and deception; and, detecting any of their insidious plans and manoeuvres.

I kept Frank and Charlie at work with me the balance of the day, drafting out the articles of organization.

That evening at the supper table I announced that all the men, not affiliated in any way with the "K.K.C." were requested to meet me in the "boiler room" that evening, at eight o'clock.

The room was large and spacious, with extra room for fuel-storage, if needed. I appointed Frank to organize and appoint a deployment of four men to guard and watch outside.

Then I called the meeting to order. I noticed about fifty men did not come in,—four of them belonging to my river-crew. However, that left about 280 men who were in attendance. I at once read the purpose and objects of the meeting and then explained any points in question as fully as possible. A sick and accident policy of \$100. had been attached, which seemed to appeal to the reflective. The men adopted the protocol and the several by-laws as with one accord; and enthusiasm was keen. I had explained our liability from attack by the "K.K.C." Officers were elected. I nominated Van Loon as president and he was accepted with acclaim. Charlie was secretary. Every one laughed when they elected "Spot" as guard's assistant. The two words: "Clattering Clavingers" were adopted as our sign of alarm. Its interpretation meant

"Attention and Action." We then adjourned, after deciding to meet every night, during the river-drive, if possible.

This was not my conception of an altruistic order, by any means; and was a good ways from the ideals that I would entertain for any fraternal organization. But I had recognized the fact that something drastic must needs be done in order to protect the identity and integrity, as well, of our business. I must admit that I was considerably perplexed to know just how this new plan would work out; and was unable, even to anticipate the outcome. But I had an unlimited faith in this bunch of earnest, hard-working men, that had proven themselves loyal to us in many exigencies, that are liable to confront an operator and his force in a lumber campaign of this magnitude. Many times our problems had become their problems and they had not failed us. I was coming to love these rough-and-ready, stalwart, hard, iron-fisted men; and now felt I could depend upon them. Follow me closely and you will see how my predilection worked out.

The big rain I had been looking for was at hand; and I began to get ready for a removal to, and temporary stay at, our shacks on the other side of the range. A large majority of the men at camp was elected to assist with the big drive. I intended to make quick work of it and complete the drive in two or three days. With a little repairing I had put the roads into a passable condition; and had sent several truck loads of provisions, blankets and clothing to the shacks over the mountain. Frank Van Loon had had experience as a river-driver; and I gave him complete charge of the operations. Frank gave orders for every man to go armed; and, if necessary, we furnished the equipment. Frank said, "we are going to have trouble before we ever reach home again!" I was imbued with some misgivings, myself, and, with my forebodings, I seemed to feel that I would be one of a few that would come up missing. Never given to skepticism, however, I threw off the premonition as best I could.

It was still raining and the river had reached the high-water mark. Several flat-bottomed boats had been provided; and with axes, peevies, ropes and long spike poles our equipment was complete. A few wore long-legged rubber boots; but the most of the men wore old clothes and old shoes and would

wade in the water for hours without coming out, sometimes standing in the water to their armpits.

Tents had been taken, or improvised, for the two or three nights we expected to be on the drive. The cooks, with their large crew of helpers—all men—, and with their commissary stores had prepared and made arrangements to follow along with the log-crew to provide food and hot coffee,—the last named, really, being their main stay.

I went down to the river with the boys and surveyed the "jam" of logs,—packed full from shore to shore and as far back as we could see, until a curve in the river rested the eye. Frank said, "There are two-million feet of lumber there! or I'm a loser! It is lucky for you and Mr. Daniels that you sold the logs, by the thousand feet, instead of lumping the lot, as Mr. Curtis wanted to do!"

We were getting ready to release the boom, when Parkhurst climbed the fence and sauntered up to me. He said:

"I hereby notify and warn you that there must be no trespassing on my land! If one of your men sets a foot on my soil I will sue you for damages! Furthermore, I am here to protect my property and anyone transgressing, or disobeying my orders, will make a pretty good mark for my rifle!"

Some one spoke up: "if you have any respect for this mob of wild men, then don't let any of your guns bark at us!"

Then several of my men started toward Parkhurst, but I shouted: "Hold on boys! Don't one of you ever lay a hand on that man!—resorting to one of Frank's sayings—if you do, you'll have me to settle with!" At this juncture some one said to Parkhurst:

"How does it happen that you have the nerve to trespass on our land? You don't need to be so particular about your own property!"

Parkhurst replied, "I am here to give an official warning and am acting under my rights and jurisdiction."

I had my answer ready for him: "You had better go home before I let my men loose and tell them to 'S-S-S-take-him!' But you ought to be reasonable with me; for you know that, in any drive, the men have to go along the banks, pry the lodged logs away and prod them out into the current of the stream. There is reason in all things; even in war. There is

no reason, or cause, for your adopting this belligerent attitude. In the end you are bound to lose. Let me advise you to drop this where you are! It will help us and save you a lot of trouble!"

Parkhurst turned on that artificial foot of his and started home, saying, "you heard what I said!"

Quite a few minutes delay was occasioned in our getting ready to break the boom. During this interval I saw a car drive up to Parkhurst's house, then drive away with two occupants, which I called Parkhurst and Ethel. The car went down beside of the river. And I knew well-enough that the objective point would be the Village, after crossing a bridge two miles below. There had been a time when any one could save two miles, in going to the Village, by crossing a foot-bridge, opposite, and close to Parkhurst's house. But this had long since fallen into disuse and nothing now remained as a monument, or memory, to its good service, but some wire ropes or cables, suspended in the air about twenty feet, over the cut, from shore to shore.

Then Frank said, "I'll break the boom myself," and taking an axe, stepped on to the anchor-log to cut it in two. This particular log was the last log attached to the boom and was next to the shore. It was securely chained to a large boom, or anchor-post, firmly set in the ground.

Frank had struck only two or three blows when we heard two rifle shots in quick succession, at a distance, and two bullets splashed the water just ahead of Frank. Three or four shots followed, almost simultaneously, and went closely by, cutting the water behind him. Frank said "That is getting too hot for me." "He retreated to a partial shelter near us. Soon other reports came to our ears and a bullet went through my coat sleeve.

I then saw that military tactics would have to be adopted; so sent men to the shacks to bring out the rifles. About thirty rifles were soon produced. The enemy was stationed behind a high stone wall, some thirty rods distant. I deployed a squad of men to go up around a bluff of land and partially come in on their flank. By this movement they would be denied their stone-wall protection. Soon I heard guns crackling on both sides. I seized upon this lapse of activity, in

firing directly at us, by taking twenty men, with revolvers and rifles, and rushing the wall. The firing from different sides seemed to demoralize their unit and break down their morale.

They began to break and run away in the direction of Parkhurst's buildings. I estimated there were nearly one-hundred men in the retreat. I went up to the wall in the lead of my men, when suddenly the form of a man arose erect from the other side and faced me. He wore a sweater, with the letters "K. K. C." across the front; and a cap, bearing the title, "Kaptain." I recognized Klondike Kill.

He said, "Are you going to shoot me?"

"Not unless I have to," I replied.

"Then if you will let me go free, I will promise you there will be no further trouble from us."

I told him there was no reason why he should not go. He turned and went to Parkhurst's barn where the other men were evidently quartered.

Six prostrate forms lay on the ground behind the wall, which indicated the toll that had been exacted from their numbers, while only one of our men had been killed. I had one of my "old-timers" take charge of the body, with instructions to remove it to our Village, over the mountain, and have the body embalmed, to then await our arrival at camp for the funeral.

Frank returned to the boom and finished cutting the "anchor-log."

The jam started with the force of the current underneath. First it moved slowly, easily, then a stray log would break away from its lodgment to bob and dance with apparent joy at its release from the parent pile.

The jam surged along; then split in the middle to sag to the outer edges, or shore. The cleavage soon filled and closed together again; the bumping, grinding, groaning, crunching of the logs, as they came together, telling the death-dealing fate a driver might meet should he be caught unawares. Straggling logs, left on the banks, as the water receded, were pried away and prodded to their positions amongst the other trailing, tagging members. Perhaps one would escape capture entirely to drift on, on, on to sea—to be lost forever until corralled on some desert beach.

To watch this vast sea of crowding, bobbing, jumping logs

was to label each one with a name; and then visualize for it a destiny, perhaps a future of service and usefulness. But why imbue them with a spark of life, when this would only mean indefinite torture to an animate being! However, their movement is interesting, fascinating; and we like to stand for hours and watch them and dream dreams, perhaps to elevate our thoughts and lift us out of the ruts for a moment, and to soar on the wings of imagination! Mrs. C. Nelson Woods had said: "Build your air castles; it harms no one, but perhaps will help *you!*"

The logs had once more backed and jammed at an old dam just below Parkhurst's house. The open spaces in the water were rapidly filling in. And an undulating, but unbroken, floor of logs was again presented to our view.

Frank took some expert river-men and went to ascertain how they could loosen the "key-log" and thus again break the jam. Most of the men, however, were left with me and Charlie.

Klondike Kill and about fifty of his gang now appeared. He ordered me to vacate the premises at once.

I replied that I had rather stand a lawsuit and pay the nominal damages that probably would be awarded by the Court. I continued, "You certainly have not sufficient time to get an injunction issued, or even serve papers for my ejection. I will cheerfully pay the exemplary damages, if required. I shall win, anyway!"

I then started to walk by the men, standing by the edge of the stream. One of them put his foot out and, at the same time gave me a violent push. I went head-first into the river, which was rushing swiftly by at this place. By a hard struggle and some good luck, I just avoided being sucked under the logs by the turbulent stream.

As my head bobbed out of the water I heard some one shout "Clattering Clavinger!" two or three times. Climbing to the bank I witnessed the worst spectacle of mob-violence that has ever come to my attention.

Over 250 men were endeavoring to lay hands on the culprit all at one time. I caught a glimpse of his face. It was "Klondike Kill." In less than a half-minute his bruised, torn, bleeding body was thrown into the maelstrom of waters that

had just given me a stiff battle for my life. But with Klondike there was no resistance. The body succumbed to the swirling, sucking waters and disappeared beneath the logs."

Frank came up from the dam to interview me and get more help. He was told of the recent attack upon me; also upon Klondike. He appeared to be pensive for two or three minutes then, mounting a large stump, shouted to the men "How many of this gang of men are loyal to Mr. Mason?—to Mr. Daniels and to this job? Please raise your right hand." Without exception every hand was extended aloft. "Now to let out your exuberance—if you have any—let's give three cheers to Mr. Mason." His arm described a jerky periphery, three times, but with rhythmic time and beat. Their throat-splitting yells, or "Hoorays," echoed from peak to peak, then re-echoed and still echoed. Again!—"Three cheers for Mr. Daniels!" 250 heavy, harsh voices split the air and the birds flew about with more alacrity and some alarm. And again:—"Three cheers for our Organization!" This time the hills almost shook! I heard a little commotion on the river, and, as I turned to look, I thought I could see the logs bobbing their heads a little higher out of the water, in recognition of this act of fealty!

Some one shouted, "Where does Frank come in?" I accepted the note of invitation and called for cheers for Frank Van Loon. The ground seemed to tremble. And I saw a full-dozen of the members start for him, lift him to their shoulders and march around in a circle.

Some one then said, "there comes Parkhurst and his wife." I looked across our flooring of big, heaving, logs. Parkhurst evidently had decided they could save the two miles by returning from the Village this way.

Frank had told me of the conditions he had just found at the dam below. He had said, "The dam is old and delapidated and there is a big hole near the bottom. Whether this was caused by our logs or was there previously is more that I can tell. But the suction of the water down into this hole has also drawn a number of our logs into the fissure; then, up-ending by the force of the water and logs behind them. This gives it the appearance of a fort, bristling with long, huge muskets, standing erect. However, the big, wire cables, that once car-

ried the foot-bridge, are serving us in good stead, for the top-end of some of the longest logs are lodged against them, which, acts as a stay to the high-projecting, wavering logs. But if we can get the remainder of the logs by this cluster I think I can cut the lower end of them, and in this way perhaps liberate them. Of course, it will be necessary to wait until the water recedes. But aside from these few logs, I believe we can continue the drive without further interruptions."

Then for some unknown cause, but probably due to an unaccountable movement of the drive down by the dam, this huge craft of logs suddenly separated, or split in two near the middle of the river. Another segment of this great raft drew itself away from either side of its companions and became completely isolated. At this juncture Parkhurst and Ethel were crossing these logs of cleavage, so were now left upon a virtual island.

I recognized their precarious situation at once; and rushed out to the farthestmost log on my side. It must have been forty to fifty feet across to this island, upon which they were now standing. Ethel was cool and undisturbed. She spoke loudly to me: "Earle and I have been to the Bank and got your beads; can you catch them?" She had turned to Parkhurst and taken a package from under his arm. It was tied with a cord. She approached by the nearest log and gave the bundle a vigorous throw.

I caught it, with no little effort. But I could not think of leaving my station to carry these beads back to shore! My services and capabilities were in a far greater demand and to save something of a far greater value—a human life!! or lives, perhaps.

I could save the beads alone; of that I was sure. To attempt to save Ethel might mean the loss of all—everything—even my own life. But that did not faze my purpose in the least. Neither did I take as much time in reflection as I am in telling it.

I felt an object touch my legs; I looked down. Spot was standing there. Instantly, I let him take the cords to the package in his teeth. Then paid no more attention to him, as he at once started for shore.

I then turned toward Ethel. The pained expression on her

face was more than I could endure! I leaped into the water and was soon at her side.

She grabbed me by both of my hands and sobbed out: Edgar, I can swim, but if I should jump into that water I would be crushed to death by those terrible logs!

Without giving her any warning I seized her by the waist and jumped into the river. I knew that whatever we did would have to be done at once. We reached the objective raft of logs on the other side; and I helped her climb up. She started for shore and I turned in the water and swam back to the island of logs to lend what assistance I was able to the rescue of Parkhurst. I climbed up and went to his side. "What do you intend doing?" I asked.

"I might have gone over to the other side with you and Ethel; but I didn't dare to," he replied.

"But you will have to act quickly now," I hastily enjoined him.

We were rapidly approaching the dam and the falls and the vortex of boiling, seething, sucking waters around those bristling spears of logs that stuck up high in the air, and seemed to serve as sentinels, to give warning of the awful death-trap at their feet.

I now heard a splash in the water behind me and looked to see Spot coming. I helped him climb up on the logs.

Parkhurst was deliberating. A good swimmer, yet I saw he lacked courage and nerve. He was studying the rift of water on the other side of our immediate raft. Although a much narrow space than the one Ethel and I had recently swum, its violent, turbulent waters rushed down this narrow defile to dive and disappear beneath the logs, only to reappear in little-acres below. We were getting nearer the falls every instant.

I yelled to Parkhurst: "No more time to lose! Come with me!"

Instead, he plunged into the swift current he had been watching. He reached the other side, after drifting down still farther. He got hold of a log; but seemed to be unable to climb on to it in the swift current. Apparently, it required all of his strength to hang on to its wet, slippery sides. Just then a short log came rushing into our canal. One end caught

just above Parkhurst and on his side of the current. The other end swung around and quickly jack-knived, of course, closing the space below. Parkhurst was within this area and I expected to see him crushed by these jaws of heavy logs. I yelled. He looked just in time to see the trap closing on him and ducked beneath the surface. By doing this, he, of course, lost his hold and went down stream still farther and nearer the falls. But he managed to get hold of the upper end of a long log, that had been cut tree-length.

Spot stood at my side, whining and slapping his tail against my puttees, I looked down at him. He was looking into my face almost entreatingly. I said, "you may go."

He ran along the edge of the logs and hesitated, evidently not knowing just what to do. I took him by the collar and led him up stream a few steps and then let go. He plunged into the water and swam to the other side; then paddled up to Parkhurst. Parkhurst had already shown signs of being beside himself; and I was convinced of this when he aimed a hard blow at the dog's head. Parkhurst had always allowed his passions to go unrestrained and had many times, as a result, felt the sting of his own folly. This was no exception to the rule; and I feared he was doomed to pay the penalty of his irascibility with his life. Spot probably in a quasi-state of insensibility, disappeared beneath the surface of the water and I did not see him again. Tears came to my eyes as I thought that the best friend I ever knew had gone! We were pretty close to the falls and the whirlpool-trap; and I realized that I must do something and do it without another moment's hesitation. Without any further premeditation I leaped into the stream and swam to the other side, near Parkhurst. I saw, at once, that my judgment had failed me this time; for in this battle, with the maddened, raging stream, I was called upon to exercise and use every ounce of strength I possessed, in order to avoid being drawn under the logs and to the inevitable whirlpool, but a short distance below! I was clinging to the top end of a log, nearly as long as the tree to which Parkhurst was anchored. We were now side by side. Parkhurst turned to me and asked: "Do you believe in prayer?"

"I certainly do!" I replied.

"Then pray for me," he muttered.

The current was eating into the big pile and the logs were being constantly loosened from their temporal anchorage to ride the current and shoot by us like arrows. We had been watchful to avoid being struck by any of these agents of destruction; but, luckily, they were drawn to the middle of the current by its centrifugal force and attraction.

I noticed Parkhurst's log was working out and from the major pile and knew that it would be but a few moments now before he would be dashed to his death. I could not see a dissimilar fate for myself.

Parkhurst's log was now clear and free. It eased and sagged toward the current. And then!—I saw—the log shoot into a maelstrom of fighting waters; then lift itself gracefully to nearly a perpendicular height; when it described the rest of the arc with a sudden jerk, barely missing the cable above as it vaulted over the dam. Parkhurst was riding the extreme top as the log went over. I was glad I could not see him when he struck the mass of logs below the dam. He must have been fifty feet above that place when at his highest point.

I did not want to meet the same fate as did Parkhurst; and had partly decided to let go and take my chances some other way, when the thought of that sucking, gurgling funnel and the terrible death I would meet, deterred me. Then I wondered if there would be any possible chance of my catching hold of those wire cables overhead. When in college I was considered to be very good at gymnasium work, and was especially clever on the horizontal bars; could spring from one to the other and turn somersaults at the same time. Here was my chance! Anything, rather than to be thrown fifty feet into the air or, to be drawn into the gurgling, devilish hole in the dam! But my log might shoot straight over the dam. I did not know what to expect.

"Was my log moving? Yes; was it going in the direction of the main stream?—Yes!—No!—Yes! it must be that the suspense would be soon over! I gripped the extreme tip end of my log; then—I do not remember what the sensation was, when my log pitched into the hole in the dam; I only know the sudden impact hurt me inside. Then I began to ascend my arc toward the cables that held out for me my only hope. The ride upward was really delightful! I had gripped the apex

of the log with my knees and my hands and arms were free. When at some distance from the wire cables above, my log seemed to halt, poise; then took a sudden lurch forward. It was now up to me, so to speak, to do, or not to do! to act, or not to act! to succeed, or fail! I grabbed for the wire overhead. One hand grasped it and shut on, the other one slipped off!—"Could I hold myself, with the added momentum that was already imparted to my body?"—But as my body began to swing back to its point of gravitation, I reached my other hand to the wire.

The wire was somewhat corrugated, or sierrated, which aided me materially in hanging on. My body swung around so I was facing down-stream. My eyes caught the sight of a shapeless mass of clothes and flesh, bathed in its vermillion! I then worked myself along the swinging cable, hand over hand.

I reached the big stone pier or abutment, from which the steel cables were suspended. The entire camp-crew was there to greet me, and render any aid that might be needed. When my feet touched the ground my knees buckled beneath me and I collapsed, completely exhausted. Strong hands picked me up and carried me to Ethel's house.

My immersion, with the mental and severe physical strain, were responsible for a near-breakdown. And Dr. Bottsfly said to stay in bed for a week, with Ethel to care for me.

Before we reached the house, Frank caught up with us. He was carrying Spot in his arms. I then inquired about my dog. Frank said, "some of the boys found him about a quarter-of-a-mile down the river, below the dam. Dr. Bottsfly said his hip was smashed, but he would bring him out of it alright."

After the third day, Dr. Bottsfly allowed me to be dressed and sit up. He said, "you have wonderful recuperative powers. You will be able to leave here tomorrow, if you choose to." I then asked Ethel to come in for a visit with me.

I said, "Ethel, you are having more than your share of trouble and woe and I have put off this little talk of ours as long as I dared to. And it pains me to feel that it should ever be necessary to again bring the subject before you. I am glad that we have saved the beads. They are yours to keep whatever happens. You deserve them. And after your mourning

season is entirely over I want to have another serious talk with you."

Ethel replied, "How could I be in mourning when I find nothing to grieve over. Wait just a moment, please, I have something that I want to hand to you—now here is your treasured axe that has played such an important role in some of your past events; here is a cheque for \$100,000 that my daddie gave me to use if I needed it; and, best of all, here is your box of beads that you now say is mine!"

"I was never so happy in my life. While my husband's death was shocking and dreadful to behold I cannot wish him back. His soul is beyond my power now and I feel no further responsibility. We were very unhappy together."

I reached out. She accepted my hand and, stepping up nearer, began to stroke my forehead with her other hand. I was now sitting.

"Ethel," I said, "do you now feel perfectly free and at liberty to make your deliberations and decisions, if, in any way, touching upon your future career and happiness? And would you be willing to try to make me happy?"

I was looking up into her eyes. I thought I could feel her press my hand a little harder. While she did not speak, she looked steadily into my face. But her eyes told me that she knew what I meant.

END

OTHER BOOKS BY EUGENE N. DAVIS

The Old Stone Hitching Post and Other Poems.

Typical Vermont Verse. Fully illustrated. With a review of the author. Bound in Fagrikoid. 80 pages and 32 poems; among them such special features and pieces of timely interest as "The American Girl," "My First Degree in a Vermont Grange," "Hiram Reads His Newspaper," "John at the Farm: Bowling," and "My Ford Cutter." Many of them are comic sketches, very suitable for recitation Price \$2.00.

Browsing in Vermont Clover.

Choice Poems.

Handsomely printed in two colors, with decorative border and illustrations. A very appropriate gift book for holidays, birthdays, and other occasions. . . . Price \$1.00.

A Story of the Brook; and Other Verse.

Nine Vermont poems, with a review of the author. 28 pp. Price, 75 cents

Gems of Vermont Poetry. A neat 8-page booklet, containing "The Passing of the Covered Bridge" and three others.

Price, 40 cents.

Shooting the Rapids with a Cinnamon Bear.

Price, 50 cents.



